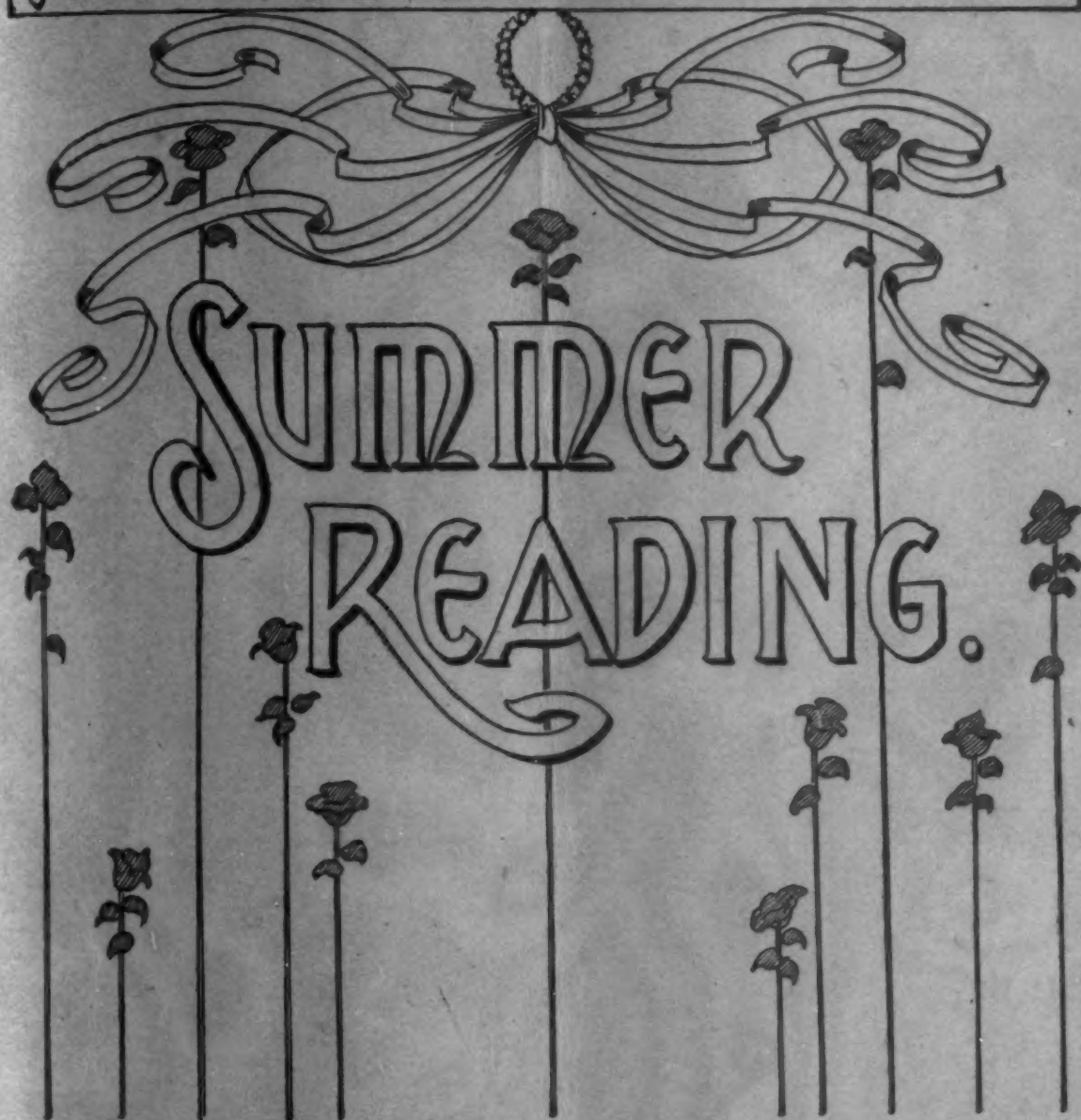


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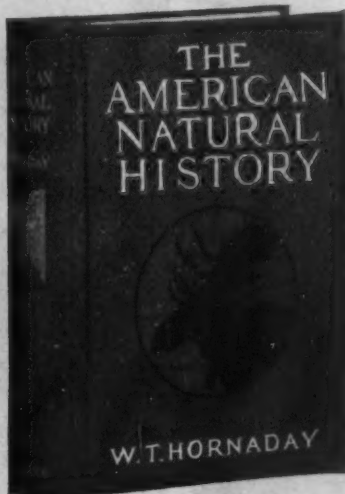
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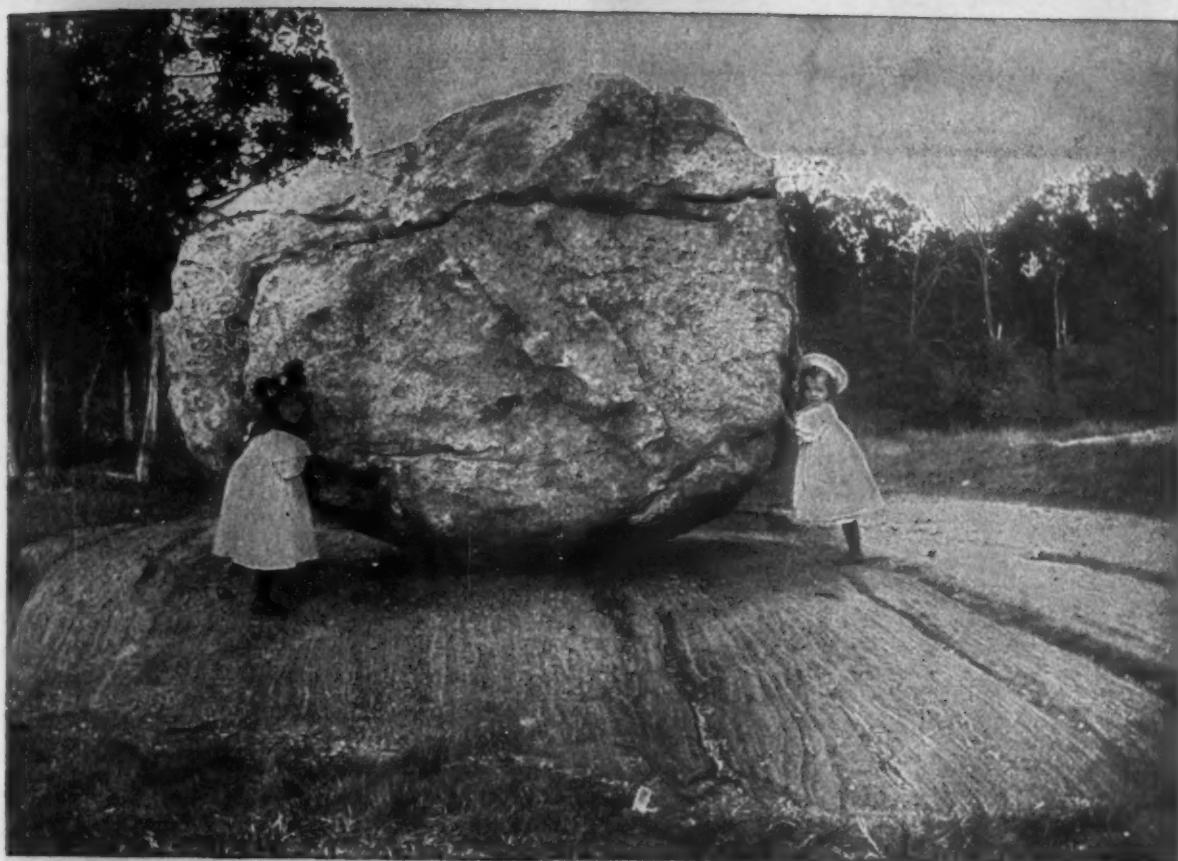
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siastic lover of all belonging to God's world. Mr. Sharp will be remembered as the author of "Wild Life Near Home," that found such hearty commendation from the veteran nature writer—John Burroughs—who said "of all the nature books of recent years, I look upon Mr. Sharp's as the best." Leading superintendents of schools and teachers noting this have discovered much valuable supplementary reading for schools in "Wild Life," and a volume has been prepared for their use under the name of "A Watcher in the Woods," including the most instructive chapters of the above book. Both works are charmingly illustrated from life, by Bruce Horsfall.

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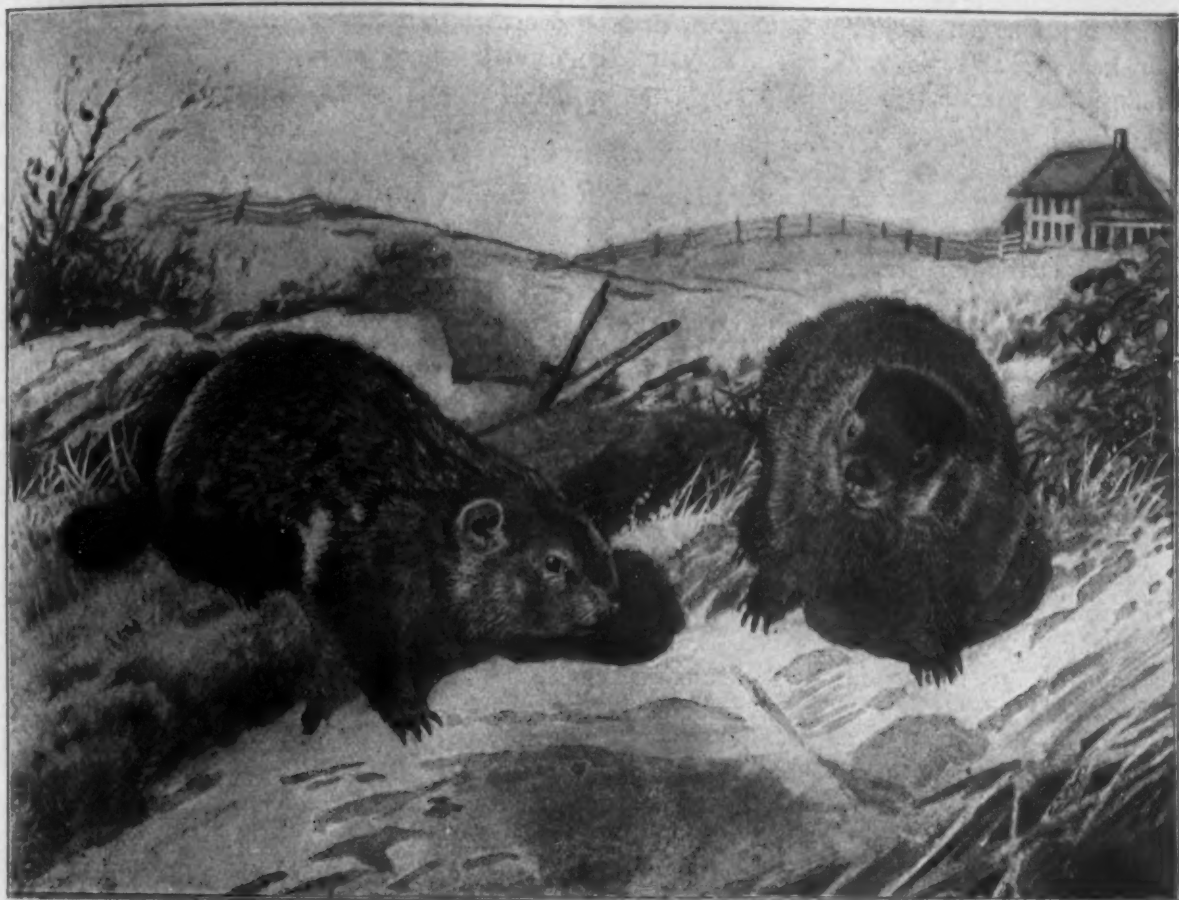
know them and love them as she does soon becomes the aim of the bird student, who comes under the fascinating spell of her writings. "A Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York," by Ralph Hoffmann, supplements the preceding work, in a most practical though unintentional manner. It furnishes a complete guide to the identification of birds in the field, treating of more than 250 land and water species. With its brief accounts of the various species are helpful keys constructed on original lines. The book is the outcome of the author's long experience as an instructor in bird study. He is also a well known expert field ornithologist and a member of the American Ornithologist's Union. Louis Agassiz Fuertes' plates are also a feature of the book. Still another way of identifying the birds common in the Eastern United States is offered in F. Schuyler Mathews' "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music," musical diagrams giving the special notes of each bird, and many beautifully colored plates, are the leading points in this unique guide to the little songsters of the air. The daily intimate life of birds in the nesting season, as revealed by photography, is the original motive of "The Home Life of Wild Birds," by Professor Francis Hobart Herrick, of the Department of Biology, Adelbert College. The results of the author's methods of study are comprised in one hundred and fifty illustrations from life, made by



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AN ATTRACTIVE POOL.



From "The American Natural History."

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WOODCHUCK.

himself. A field naturalist of many years standing, Mr. William E. D. Scott swells the long list of bird literature with another helpful "Bird Studies" of the land birds of Eastern North America. The general reader has been considered in preparing the work, and it will be found quite free from needless technicalities.

The name of Bradford Torrey is as deeply identified with outdoor life as the names of Burroughs and Thoreau, and his works like the works of these masters of their art have a special niche of their own in the Temple of Fame. Not only is it their accuracy but their sympathetic insight that has placed them there. Bradford Torrey's most recent volume is "The Clerk of the Woods," a year's poetic record of the thoughts that came to him as Nature's procession passed before him, with sharp, brief pictures of the birds and trees, insects and flowers and other sights belonging to the twelve months of the year. "Birds of California," by I. G. Wheeler, breaks ground little known in the east, while Abbie F. Browne's "Curious Book of Birds" and N. Dearborn's "Birds in Their Relations to Man" are notable rather for their literary qualities than for specially practical ones. Lenore E. Mulet's "Bird Stories" belongs to a new series for child readers, known as *Phyllis' Field Friends*

Series. There are also other volumes—"Insect Stories" and "Flower Stories"—with others still to come. The facts of science are made delightfully attractive through charming stories that littles ones will eagerly devour.

The lover of rare and choice flowers has a treat in Grace Greylock Niles' "Bog-Trotting for Orchids," exquisitely illustrated from nature in colors. The majority of people think of the orchid as a tropical flower, that is only grown in this country in hot-houses, but Miss Niles proves that we have orchids of our own and plenty of them and other plant life equally beautiful growing wild in the swamps of the Hoosac Valley. For many summers she has tramped over this part of the country through swamps, and over hills and valleys, gathering the information that her book represents. Not only is it a contribution to a fresh subject, but full of a most inspiring breeze from the fields and meadows. Garden making will never lose its fascination for child or adult. To dig and plant in a garden of one's very own is to one who loves the outdoor life the very acme of happiness. Several exceedingly useful books in this line are among the season's publications. "How to Make a Flower Garden," written by experts, covers every branch of the subject. Nineteen

chapters, richly illustrated, each written by a man or woman thoroughly familiar with his or her special topic, make a most valuable manual of practical information and suggestion, sent out in exceptionally handsome style. "Little Gardens," by Charles M. Skinner, aims to help the city dweller or suburbanite in beautifying small backyards, or the little plots of ground surrounding their house. It is not all practical wisdom—philosophy and humor brighten every page. A garden that "may be had for almost nothing" is described in detail in "Our Mountain Garden," of which Mrs. Theodore Thomas, the wife of the famous musician, is the author. The scene is a summer home on a mountain slope in New Hampshire. The care and ingenuity that change the wild place into a veritable Eden make a charming story. "Landscape Gardening," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., relates chiefly to the laying out and arrangement of country places, large and small parks, with notes and suggestions on lawns and lawn planting, etc., all of which makers of gardens great or small should find of interest. Celia Thaxter's "An Island Garden," after being out of print for some years, is offered in a neat and less expensive edition than the original. The charm of this work has always been appreciated, and many who have never seen it will cordially welcome its reappearance. One of the larger islands of the Isles of Shoals—Appledore—the writer's home, is the place where the "Island Garden," so charmingly described, lies. "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" include additions to its rank of carefully prepared monographs, such as Gordon's "Book of Shrubs," "Book of the Daffodil," W. Goldring's "Book of the Lily" and Charles Thonger's "Book of Garden Furniture." "Ferns," by C. E. Waters, Mathews' "Field Book of American Wild Flowers,"

Miller and Whitney's "Wild Flowers of the Northeastern States" all appeal to the seeker after botanical knowledge. "The Forest," one of Stewart Edward White's poetically written experiences in camping and tramping in the North Woods, is most helpful in detail, and incites the prospective holiday taker to do likewise most strongly. Large in size and plan and thoroughly carried out in detail, Hornaday's "The American Natural History" fills a place in animal life long vacant. Free from technical terms, it describes and illustrates the animals of North America in a style that at once captures the reader. From fourteen years to the university age is the class it caters for, trusting to give the young aspirant for college honors a sound foundation in zoology. Mr. Hornaday, it will be recalled, is Director of the New York Zoological Park. "Minute Marvels of Nature," by John J. Ward, describes some revelations of the microscope. First the naturalist tells the reader of "The Beginnings of Plant Life;" then follow "Glimpses of Plant Structure," "Animal Parasites," "May-Flies and Their Neighbors" and a number of other papers which, to the amateur naturalist, are simply invaluable. "The Moth Book," by W. J. Holland, is an exhaustive work on the butterfly; "The Spinner Family" is dedicated to a history of spiders, the author being A. J. Patterson. This and "Following the Deer," by W. J. Long, are for young people's reading.

The hunters of game, or the disciples of Izaak Walton, were remembered in Huntington's "Our Feathered Game," Hodgson's "Trout Fishing," and Charles Bradford's "Angler's Secret." They all belong to the life of out-of-doors, that June breezes and June roses are tempting us to study, and have their own individual way of bringing us in touch with Nature and her marvels.



From "The Angler's Secret." Copyright, 1904,
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From "The Count."

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"ALMOST—THAT IS, NOT FREE AT ALL."

Novels Near to Nature's Heart and Others Worth Reading.

THE nature cult, that has been growing in intensity from year to year, has at last reached the writers of fiction. The influence of the study and adoration of the out-of-door life is in evidence in a number of the season's leading novels, in their summer backgrounds, or in scenes painted from Nature in its wildest haunts, as well as in its most peaceful and sympathetic retreats.

Perhaps the most delightful of this special class of novels is "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen," by the still unacknowledged author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Coming out early in the year, there has been time at least to test the merits of this semi-personal and semi-imaginary narrative of a summer outing, and nought but praise so far has been bestowed upon this charming work. Leaving the Man of Wrath, her babies and her garden, Elizabeth sought mental rest in a drive around the island of Rügen, off the coast of Germany, in company with her silent maid and trustworthy coachman. The moment seemed golden, the sunshine and blue sky always in evidence communicated their

cheery influence to Elizabeth, who carried out her plan in the happiest and gayest of moods. Every mishap is a subject of mirth, turned into an irresistibly funny episode by her quaint humor. Rügen, viewed through her rose-colored glasses, is unspeakably beautiful, the place above all others on the face of the earth in which to find contentment and rest for overstrained nerves.

In opposition to the light and brightness of the out-of-door life pictured in the former novel we place three strong works—Prof. Roberts' "The Watchers of the Trails," Jack London's "Call of the Wild" and Stewart Edward White's "The Silent Places." In all three the narrative is carried into the far north, into the untamed wilderness and often into the icy reaches of the Arctic region. Nature in its most savage mood, desolate, sad and oppressive, and yet with a certain fascination belonging to the unconventional and elemental conditions of wild life, is sketched with a thrilling power of description. "The Watchers of the Trails," a companion to "The Kindred of the Wild," is another collection

of stories of nature and animal life, marked by unusual sincerity and enthusiasm, and a wonderful portrayal of the wild things of the woods, and the equally wild human element that lives with them side by side. The return to savagery of a well-cared for dog with a pedigree is the subject of "The Call of the Wild." His story is played in the solitudes of the Canadian woods, where torn from his home, he consorts with rough men and savage animals, until his degeneration is complete. The theme of "The Silent Places" is equally grim, being the hunting to the death of a defaulting Indian, by two messengers of the Hudson Bay Company, through the North Woods into the silent places of the Arctic Region. The relentless pursuit, with its accompanying scenes of intense cold and possible starvation, and its strange interwoven tale of love, is the work of an artist. In this group belongs another story of almost pagan worship of Mother Earth called "The Micmac," by S. Carleton. The dominant factor here is the great Micmac Swamp of Nova Scotia, terrible and mysterious and yet the scene of an intense love story that has a most dramatic finale. Wealthy New Yorkers in camp are the characters, all drawn by some

apparently occult influence to penetrate the treacherous depths of the death dealing swamp.

The desire for solitude that comes to all of us at times, with freedom from the many complex conditions of modern life, where less money and less effort is required to gain the necessary roof, and all sustaining "bread and butter," has been voiced in a number of stories relating experiments in home making on very short margins. They are certainly charming in the telling, however disappointing they might be to some temperaments in the actual performance. All we can do is to point them out to the weary worker, searching a unique method of rest. "The Commuters" is the story of a little hearth and garden, by Albert Bigelow Paine, the author of "The Van Dwellers." With his "Little Woman" and "Precious Ones," he flies from the dust and noise of city streets to suburban fields, and becomes "a commuter." The growth of a delightful home, built up at a moderate cost, is the subject of his book. "The House in the Woods" is by Arthur Henry, who wrote of a former experience in "An Island Cabin." This is a nature story as well as a story of the conquest of the soil and the building of a house within a forest clearing, in the Catskill Mountains. The characters, New York business people, make a real home for themselves, celebrating in enthusiastic terms the beauty of nature in the mountains, the joy of existing out of doors. The granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—Hildegard Hawthorne—reminds the reader of her famous ancestor in "A Country Interlude," a summer love story of idyllic character told in letters, and written from one of the most charming estates which border the Hudson River.

No more romantic object is in the world's vision to-day than Japan. The first novel to be translated from modern Japanese literature, entitled "Nami-Ko," is invested with a special interest. Its author, Kenjiro Tokutomi, one of the most popular writers of Japan, has made a thorough study of Japanese life, especially its singular marriage and divorce customs. His story, told in detail, with humor as well as pathos, portrays an unhappy wife, whose husband, a naval officer, serves in the Japanese war with China. The rapidly changing conditions—domestic, social and political of the Flowery Kingdom—are fully delineated.

If "Nami-Ko" introduces us to modern Japan, "The Stolen Emperor," Mrs. Hugh Fraser's beautiful story, carries us back sev-



From "The Commuters."

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A PAIR OF SIX-POUND DUCKS.

eral centuries to Imperial Kyoto in the dark days of the wicked Regent Hojo Yasutoke, when mysterious murders and poisonings were rife in the Imperial Palace, the succes-

was British Minister at Tokio. She will be recalled as the sister of F. Marion Crawford.

A third romance of Japan is "Daughters of Nijo," written by Onoto Watanna. A clever



From "Watchers of the Trails."

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"HE CREEPT UP THE HILL."

sion depending on the will of one unscrupulous man. Love and ambition both are incentives that cause the great Daimyo Kashima to steal the little emperor and his mother. The beautiful character of the Empress' mother is finely portrayed and many pages are given up to picturesque descriptions of Japanese interiors and the lovely country. Mrs. Fraser writes from her own experience, having lived for some years in Japan, where her husband

comedy, in which figure two sisters and their lovers, is related in the quaint style and with the genuine charm of the author's "The Heart of Hyacinth." The dainty illustrations in color by Kiyokichi Sano are not the least of the volume's attractiveness.

When William Hurrell Mallock wrote "The New Republic," now nearly twenty-five years ago, he was recognized as a new element in the literature of fiction. His latest romance,

"The Veil of the Temple," is largely on old lines, seeking to point out the many fallacies of accepted philosophical and religious theories. With but a thread of a story, we receive a strong impression of the wave of unbelief that is sweeping the English intellectual world. The story has for its central figure Rupert Glanville, the great English scientific writer and politician. A house party at his hermitage in Ireland, consists of contrasting social types of both sexes who are the factors in a succession of discussions on matters of religion and the many puzzling questions of life confronting us.

The Dutch author whose pen-name is "Maarten Maartens," and who writes in English, after years of silence has given us "Dorothea," "a story of the pure in heart," as he calls it. This study of the crystalline purity of a young girl's character is rich in sympathy and knowledge. Taking "Dorothea" in her twenty-first year, when she leaves Holland to meet her hitherto unknown father in Paris, her innate goodness and nobility play subtle parts in scenes of mingled good and evil. Her love and marriage, her father's worldly nature and often unscrupulous acts, the many different characters that invade and broaden her narrow environment are the elements out of which a simple, unsensational story has been constructed.

"By the Good Sainte Anne," by Anna Chapin Ray, has a bright, witty American girl as a heroine, who is surrounded by an adoring circle of young men, all brought by chance to the modern city of Quebec. It is a novel for the summer tourist, as it not only admits him to the sights and legends of Quebec, but to the quaint little Canadian town of Sainte Anne de Beaupre, a sort of American Lourdes. Americans in Italy, gathered in a charming old palace near Florence, play the leading parts of "Four Roads to Paradise," by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin. The title is a quotation from the Talmud, and stands for the four pictured roads to happiness, as set forth by four different men. The goal for three at least seems to be the love of Anna Blythe, an enchanting widow, who forfeits her husband's millions if she marries a second time. Epigrammatic dialogue and a most attractive style are features of this work. The charm of "Heart of Lynn," by Mary Stewart Cutting, is its freshness and naturalness. It carries one back to Miss Alcott's "Little Women," both in its subject and realism. Lynn Barry is one of a family, reduced from comfort to actual need through the father's

death. The struggles and final success move to tears as well as laughter.

Some years have passed since the literary world was stirred by the thrilling story of "The Gadfly." The good news comes to us that its author, Mrs. E. L. Voynich, has written a new novel called "Olive Latham," which reproduces many inside views of life in Russia. It is powerfully dramatic and most carefully written, having been fourteen years in preparation. Another favorite novelist comes to the front with "The Magnetic North"—Elizabeth Robins, whose pseudonym, "C. E. Raimond," is probably more familiar. "The Open Question," her last effort in fiction, was considered one of the strongest novels of the day. Miss Robins (now Mrs. Parkes) is not only an author and actress, but lately has been a traveller and adventurer in the Klondyke, where the scene of her novel is laid. Unusual incident and adventure of a winter in the ice-bound north, by seekers after gold, characterize "The Magnetic North." Belonging also to the older school of novelists is Henry Harland, ("Sidney Luska,") to whom we are indebted for "My Friend Prospero," overflowing with bright sayings and vivid descriptions of the mountain scenery of Northern Italy.

Pure fun of the most captivating variety is offered in Joseph C. Lincoln's "Cap'n Eri," relating the adventures of three old Cape Cod sea captains in a matrimonial venture. "The Gordon Elopement," by Carolyn Wells and H. P. Taft, is an amusing, sunny novel, with many laughs within its pages. "In the Bishop's Carriage," by Miriam Michelson, is a clever, spirited narrative, based on the adventures of a good-looking girl thief, who is reformed through love. Alice Woods Ullman's "A Gingham Rose" also belongs to the optimistic class of new novels. With its scenes in a cheap New York boarding house, its characters prove most decidedly amusing.

Novels of adventure are rather scarce, but a really good one is embraced under R. N. Stephens's "The Bright Face of Danger." Following Dumas's example, he carries forward his characters of other novels, the hero here being Henri de Launay, the son of De Launay de la Tournoir, made famous in "An Enemy to the King." Fair women and brave men are shown in many thrilling situations and hairbreadth escapes. The gentleman adventurer of Queen Elizabeth's time is celebrated in Mary Johnston's "Sir Mortimer," a fascinating story of a search for land and gold. "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness,"

by C. Bryson Taylor, is a tale of mystery and terrible experiences, being the adventures of three American engineers belonging to an Egyptian excavating expedition. "Bruvver Jim's Baby" strongly recalls Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—the "luck" here being a mite of a baby found by a miner that not only works his regeneration, but that of an entire Western mining camp. The author is Philip Verrill Mighels.

"The Woman with the Fan" is one of Robert Hichens' careful studies of London life. Paris is the central point of interest in Guy Wetmore Carryl's novel called "The Transgression of Andrew Vane." "An Evans of Suffolk," by the author of "Her Boston Experiences"—Anna Farquhar—is a powerful story of modern life, with the "black sheep" of a distinguished English family for its central figure. Another "human document" is "The Pastime of Eternity," by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, a story of temperaments. The Baroness Bettina von Hutten's "Araby" deals with idle society people on an ocean "liner." A captivating volume of short stories by Edith Wharton, is called "The Descent of Man."

Dickens and Thackeray we have always with us. They can scarcely be called "recent" writers, but there is always a new generation of readers growing up, to whom their books are new. We envy the boy or girl, or grown up man or woman, who makes his or her first acquaintance with these immortal writers, and especially through the charming editions of

their works now in the market. The *New Century Library*, in which they are contained with other classics of literature, stands for one of the smallest editions published of these works. It is only $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size and printed on Nelson India paper (Nelson); claimed to be the thinnest printing paper in the world. A whole novel is easily compressed into a single volume that may be comfortably slipped into the pocket. Also in the same library are leading works of Jane Austen, Lever, Bulwer, and Charlotte Brontë in similar and most attractive style. All of the volumes of this library may be bought singly.

The Oxford India paper Dickens is beautifully printed on the Oxford India paper, in long primer type. Easily carried in bag or pocket, it is a delight to the eye in every way. It is rich in illustrations, which seem indispensable to the full enjoyment of the novel. The volumes of this Dickens are sold separately. (Oxford Univ. Press.)

We do not confine our readers to fiction or "nature books" in the summer holidays, so have prepared lists under "Books for Summer Reading" of not only "The New Novels and Short Stories" and "Books on Outdoor Life," but of "Description and Travel," "Outdoor Sports and Exercises," on "Home Games," with many "Miscellaneous Books," which represent the best books of all classes recently published, not gathered under other headings. Prices and publishers are features of all these lists. The advertising pages should also be carefully scanned.



From "The House in the Woods."

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BUILT OF ROCKS FROM THE BROOK AND THE SITE OF THE HOUSE.

The White-Throat.

From March's "A Book of Verses." (Badger.)

WHEN new leaf-clusters grace the trees,
Like swarms of emerald butterflies;
When violets, touched o'er the wooing breeze,
Look from the grass with heaven's own eyes;
What mood is his that swells thy throat
To music in a minor note:

Joyance—passes, it passes, it passes, it passes!

Scarcely the first white petals fall
From off the bride-clothed cherry and plum;
Scarcely the finch's ringing call
Tells us the elm's fruit is come;
No browning leaf, no joyless thing,
And still thy piping carols ring:

Joyance—passes, it passes, it passes, it passes!

Thou meanst it not; 'tis love or mirth;
When hath thy soul envisaged Fate?
Thou scratchest on the brown old earth
Contented, by thy modest mate.

But hark! again! and at the strain
Comes back Spring's longing, yearning pain:
For joyance—passes, it passes, it passes, it passes!

Pauline Goes Into Politics.

From Phillips' "The Cost." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

SHE left him in the library and went up the stairs—she had been reading everything that was published about the coming convention, and the evident surprise of all the politicians at the strength Scarborough was mustering for ex-Governor Bowen had put her in high good humor. She cautioned herself that he could not carry the convention; but his showing was a moral victory—and what a superb personal triumph! With everything against him—money and the machine and the skilful confusing of the issues by his crafty opponents—he had rallied about him almost all that was really intelligent in his party; and he had demonstrated that he had on his side a mass of the voters large out of all proportion to the number of delegates he had wrested away from the machine—nearly three hundred, when everybody had supposed the machine would retain all but a handful.

Money! Her lips curled scornfully—out here, in her own home, among these simple people, the brutal power of money was master just as in New York, among a people crazed by the passion for luxury and display.

She was kneeling before the safe, was working the combination, paper in hand. The knob clicked as the rings fell into place; she turned the bolt and swung the door open. She reached into the safe. Suddenly she drew her hand back and sat up on the floor, looking at the package. "Why, it's for use in the convention!" she exclaimed.

She did not move for several minutes; when she did, it was to examine the time lock, to reset it, to close the door and bolt it and throw the lock off the combination. Then she rose and slowly descended to the library. As she reappeared, empty-handed, Culver started violently and scrutinized her face. Its expression put him in a panic. "Mrs. Dumont!" he exclaimed wildly. "Has it been stolen?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "It's there."

Trembling from weakness in the reaction, he leaned against the table, wiping his sweating brow with sweating hands.

"But," she went on, "it must stay there."

He looked open-mouthed at her.

"You have brought the money out here for use in the convention," she went on with perfect calmness. "You have tried to make me a partner in that vile business. And—I refuse to play the part assigned me. I shall keep the money until the convention is over."

Dangerous Nomenclature.

From "The Jessica Letters." (Putnam.)

BUT I must not fail to tell you of a dramatic episode in connection with my first venture into the realm of biological thought. *The Popular Science Monthly* has long been proscribed at the parsonage on account of its heretical tendencies. And my purpose was to keep a profound secret the fact that I had purchased a copy containing Minot's article. But some demon prompted me to inquire of my father the meaning of the term "epiphenomenon." Now a long association with the idea of omniscience has rendered him wiser in consciousness than in fact, which is a joke the imagination often plays upon serious people. But he could neither give a definition nor find the word in his ancient Webster. This dictionary is his only unquestioned authority outside the Holy Scriptures, and he declines to accept any word not vouched for by this venerable authority. Therefore he reasoned that "epiphenomenon" had been built up to accommodate some modern theory of thought, some new leprosy of the mind never dreamed of by the noble lexicographer. And so, fixing me with a pair of accusing glasses, he inquired:

"My daughter, where did you see this remarkable word?"

"You'll Win Yet!"

From Page's "What's Bred in the Bone." (Scribner.)

So it went, with the horses coming around the curve for the second time. The favorite and about half the others were running well, their riders beginning to take the pace they proposed to keep to the end. Several others were trailing along behind at various distances, among them the two horses that had shot out in the lead at first, and behind all but the last one, which was manifestly already beaten, the big brown horse, galloping with head still up and ears still pointed forward, bent on catching the horses ahead of him.

The field swept by the stands, most of them getting safely over the big water-jump, though several of the horses struck hard, and one of them went on his knees, pitching his rider over his head. The country horse had still to take the leap, and all eyes were on him, for it was the jump he had refused. Bets were offered that he would refuse again, or that after his killing chase he would be too winded to clear it and would go down. At any rate, they agreed the boy who was riding him was crazy, and he could never last to come in.

Old Robin ran across the track to try and stop him. He waved his arms wildly.

"Pull out. You'll kill him! Save him for another time. Don't kill him!" he cried.

But the young rider was of a different mind. The vision of two girls was in his thoughts—one a young girl down on an old plantation, and the other a girl in white in a front box

in the club. She had looked at him with kind eyes and backed him against the field. He would win or die.

The horse, too, had his life in the race. Unheeding the wild waving of the old trainer's arms, he swept by him with head still up

"He can fly. He ain't a hoss at all; he's a bud!" he shouted. "Let him go, son; let him go! You'll win yet."

But horse and rider were beyond the reach of his voice, galloping up the slope.

Once more they all disappeared behind the



From "Bred in the Bone."

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"THANK YOU. I AM GLAD IF HE MEETS WITH YOUR APPROVAL."

and ears still forward, his eyes riveted on the horses galloping in front of him. Once or twice his ears were bent toward the big fence as if to gauge it, and then his eyes looked off to the horses running up the slope beyond it. When he reached the jump he rose so far from it that a cry of anxiety went up. But it changed to a wild shout of applause as he cleared everything in his stride and lighted far beyond the water. Old Robin, whose arms were high in the air with horror as he rose, dropped them, and then, jerking off his hat, he waved it wildly around his head.

hill, and once more the leaders came out, one ahead of the others, then two together, then two more, running along the inside of the fence toward the last jumps, where they would strike the clear track and come around the turn into the home stretch. The other horses were trailing behind the five leaders when they went over the hill. Now, as they came out again, one of the second batch was ahead of all the others and was making up lost ground after the leaders. Suddenly a cry arose: "The yellow! The orange! It's the countryman!"

Moonlight in the Bamboo Grove.

From Onoto Watanna's "Daughters of Nijo."
(Macmillan.)

SADO-KO wandered through the dewy gardens, beneath the drooping bamboos and the towering pines. Her little feet were swift and willing, as she hastened along with beating heart; but when she approached the end of the grove, though there was light beyond, she could not see even the shadow of that one who was to have kept the tryst with her. Her steps faltered; she went less swiftly.

"The moon is late," she said. And then, "It was the light of the stars I saw."

She walked so slowly now, that her little feet became entangled in her flowing gown, which she had absently let fall to the ground. The end of the grove was now reached. She could see the bright silver light without.

In the shadow of the last bamboo the princess stood and trembled. She did not need to peer into the distance, for all was clear outside the bamboo grove, as far off as the dividing line of the boxwood shrub and the small

white gate. How long she stood in silent waiting she could not have told. Every passing summer breeze made her shiver. Once she raised her hand to her face, and something wet was wiped away.

"'Tis but the dew upon my face," she said, but her own trembling voice broke the spell of anguished waiting. At the foot of the drooping bamboo she slipped to the earth, and crouched beneath the shadow, deaf now to all sounds, save her own inward heart cries and the tears which even she could not command to cease.

Yet after only a little while, one appeared at the bamboo gate, vaulted quickly over it, and came with running feet on toward the grove. A moment later, Sado-ko was in the arms of her lover.

"Oh, is it you—you!" she said through her sighs, "at last. Oh, at last you have come!"

A Shattered Hope.

From Stephens' "The Bright Face of Danger."
(Page.)

"I AM visited every three hours, as if I were a prisoner, and as soon as I was missed a score of men would be sent in all directions. Besides, for some reason or other, the Count has the roads watched from the tower. If I fled into the forest, the bloodhounds would be put on my track. My husband has hinted all this to me. And where could I flee to but the Convent? The Count would have men there before I could reach it."

"I could find some other place to take you to," said I at a hazard.

"Ah, Monsieur, then indeed would appearances be against me. Then indeed would the enemy of my poor reputation have his triumph. Alas, there is no honorable place in this world for a wife who leaves her husband's roof, though it be her prison. I will be true to my vows, though I die. If there be wrong, it shall be all of his doing, none of mine."

"You believe it is this Captain who has slandered you. Why should he do that? Why is he your enemy?"

She blushed and looked down. I understood.

"But why do you not tell your husband that?" I asked quickly.

"The Count says it is an old story that wives accuse their husband's friends whom they dislike. He thinks women are made of lies. And in any case he says if I am innocent of this charge I can



From "The Bright Face of Danger."

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"WE WERE INTERRUPTED BY A LOW CRY."

prove my innocence. So all depended on Monsieur de Merri's being here to-morrow to speak for me."

"Ah, Madame, if only my speaking for you would avail anything!"

"From the depths of my heart I thank you, Monsieur, though you see how useless you— And yet there is one thing you can say for me!" A great light of sudden hope dawned upon her face. "You can tell how you saw Monsieur de Merri—that he was coming here, but was prevented—"

"Yes, I can do that."

"And perhaps—who knows?—you can induce the Count to give me a few more days, till the cause of Monsieur de Merri's delay is past. And then you can ride or send to Monsieur de Merri, and tell him my situation, and he will come and put my accuser to shame, after all! Yes, thank God, there is hope! Oh, Monsieur, you may yet be able to save me!"

There were tears of joy on her face, and she gratefully clasped my hand in both of hers.

It sickened my heart to do it, but I could only shake my head sadly and say:

"No, Madame, Monsieur de Merri can never come to speak for you."

"Why not?" she cried, all the hope rushing out of her face again.

"He is dead—slain in a duel," I said in a voice as faint as a whisper.

Her face seemed to turn to marble.

"Who killed him?" she presently asked in a horrified tone.

I knelt at her feet, with averted eyes, as one who is all contrition but dare not ask a pardon.

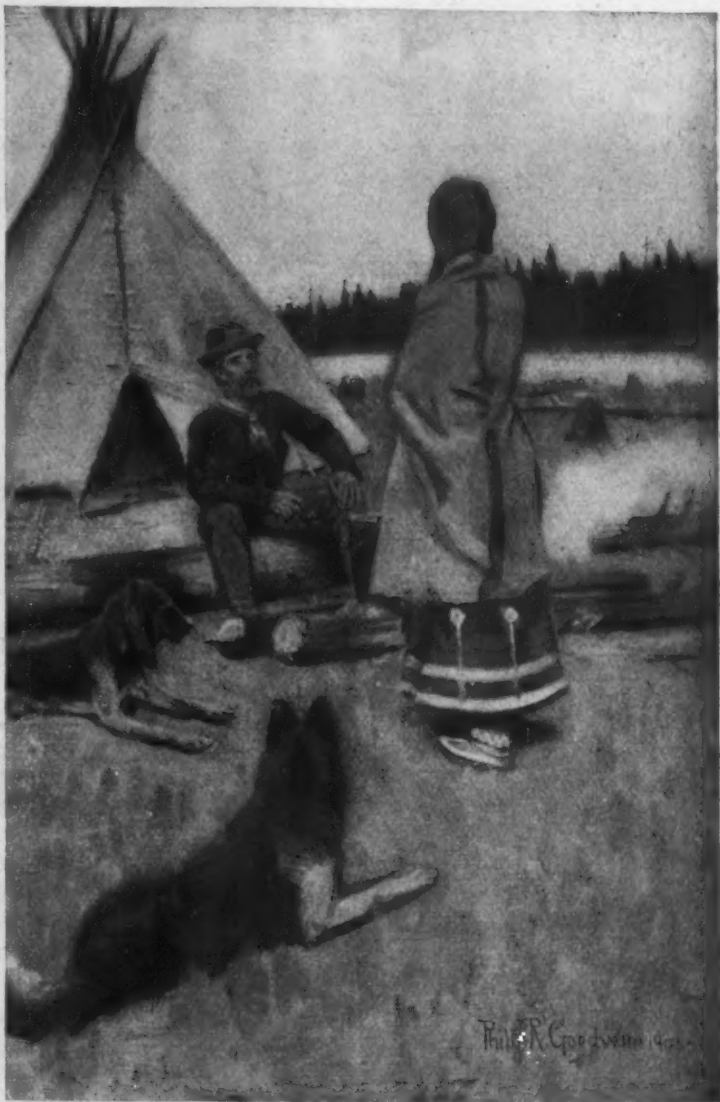
"You!" she whispered.

The Woodsmen's Prisoner.

From White's "The Silent Places." (McClure, Phillips.)

TIME went on. The moon climbed, then descended again. Finally it shone almost horizontally through the tree-trunks, growing larger and larger until its field was crackled across with a frostwork of twigs and leaves. By and by it reached the edge of a hill-bank, visible through an opening, and paused. It had become huge, gigantic, big with mystery. A wolf sat directly before it, silhouetted sharply. Presently he raised his pointed nose, howling mournfully across the waste.

The fire died down to coals. Sam piled on fresh wood. It hissed spitefully, smoked voluminously, then leaped into flame. The



From "The Silent Places."

Copyright, 1904, by Stewart Edward White.
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"LITTLE SISTER, NOW I GO ON A LONG JOURNEY."

old woodsman sat as though carved from patience, waiting calmly the issue.

Then through the shadows, dancing ever more gigantic as they became more distant, Sam Bolton caught the solidity of something moving. The object was as yet indefinite, mysterious, flashing momentarily into view and into eclipse as the tree-trunks intervened or the shadows flickered. The woodsman did not stir; only his eyes narrowed with attention. Then a branch snapped, noisy, carelessly broken. Sam's expectancy flagged. Whoever it was did not care to hide his approach.

But in a moment the watcher could make out that the figures were two; one erect and dominant, the other stooping in surrender. Sam could not understand. A prisoner would be awkward. But he waited without a motion, without apparent interest, in the indifferent attitude of the woods-runner.

Now the two neared the outer circle of light; they stepped within it; they stopped at the fire's edge. Sam Bolton looked up straight into the face of Dick's prisoner.

It was May-may-gwán, the Ojibway girl.



From "The Day of the Dog." Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

SWALLOW.

A Perilous Situation.

From McCutcheon's "The Day of the Dog."
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SHE had taken two or three steps toward the dog, her hand extended pleadingly, only to be met by an ominous growl, a fine display of teeth, and a bristling back. As if paralyzed, she halted at the foot of the ladder, terror suddenly taking possession of her.

"Can you get the pitchfork?"

"I am afraid to move," she moaned. "He is horrible—horrible!"

"I'll come down, Mrs. Delancy, and hang the consequences," Crosby cried, and was suiting the action to the word when she cried out in remonstrance.

"Don't come down—don't! He'll kill you. I forbid you to come down, Mr. Crosby. Look at him! Oh, he's coming toward me! Don't come down!" she shrieked. "I'll come up!"

Grasping her skirts with one hand she started frantically up the ladder, her terrified eyes looking into the face of the man above. There was a vicious snarl from the dog, a savage lunge, and then something closed over her arm like a vise. She felt herself being jerked upward and a second later she was on the beam beside the flushed young man whose strong hand and not the dog's jaws had reached her first. He was obliged to

support her for a few minutes with one of his emphatic arms, so near was she to fainting.

"Oh," she gasped at last, looking into his eyes questioningly. "Did he bite me? I was not sure, you know. He gave such an awful leap for me. How did you do it?"

"A simple twist of the wrist, as the prestidigitators say. You had a close call, my dear Mrs. Delancy." He was a-quiver with new sensations that were sending his spirits sky high. After all it was not turning out so badly.

"He would have dragged me down had it not been for you. And I might have been torn to pieces," she shuddered, glancing down at the now infuriated dog.

"It would have been appalling," he agreed, discreetly allowing her to imagine the worst.

"How can I ever thank you?" cried she impulsively. He made a very creditable show of embarrassment in the effort to convince her that he had accomplished only what any man would have attempted under similar circumstances. She was thoroughly convinced that no other man could have succeeded.

"Well, we're in a pretty position, are we not?" he asked in the end.

"I think I can stick on without being held, Mr. Crosby," she said, and his arm slowly and regretfully came to parade rest.

"Are you sure you won't get dizzy?" he demanded in deep solicitude.

"I'll not look down," she said, smiling into his eyes.

The Results of a Matrimonial Advertisement.

From Lincoln's "Cap'n Eri." (Barnes.)

Nobody spoke for a moment after the reading of this intensely practical note. Captain Eri whistled softly, scratched his head, and then read the letter over again to himself. At length Captain Perez broke the spell.

"Jerusalem!" he exclaimed. "She don't lose no time, does she?"

"She's pretty prompt, that's a fact," assented Captain Eri.

Captain Jerry burst forth in indignation:

"Is *that* all you've got to say?" he inquired with sarcasm, "after gittin' me into a scrape like this? Well now, I tell you one thing, I—"

"Don't go on your beam ends, Jerry," interrupted Captain Eri. "There ain't no harm done yit."

"Ain't no harm done? Why how you talk, Eri Hedge! Here's a woman that I ain't never seen, and might be a hundred years old, for all I know, comin' down here to-morrow night to marry me by main force, as you might say, and you set here and talk about —"

"Now, hold on, hold on, Jerry! She ain't goin' to marry you unless you want her to, 'tain't likely. More I think of it, the more I like the woman's way of doin' things. She's got sense, there's no doubt of that. You can't sell *her* a cat in a bag. She's comin' down here to see you and talk the thing over, and I glory in her spunk."

"Wants me to pay her fare! I see myself

doin' it! I've got ways enough to spend my money without paying fares for Nantucket folks."

"If you and she sign articles, as she calls it, you'll have to pay more than fares," said Captain Perez, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I think same as Eri does; she's a smart woman. We'll have to meet her at the depot, of course."

"Well, I won't! Cheeky thing! Let her find out where I am! I cal'late she'll have to do some huntin'."

"Now, see here, Jerry," said Captain Eri, "you was jest as anxious to have one of us get married as anybody else. You haven't got to marry the woman unless you want to, but you have got to help us see the thing through. I wish myself that we hadn't been quite so pesky anxious to give her the latitude and longitude, and had took some sort of an observation ourselves; but we didn't, and now we've got to treat her decent. You'll be at that depot along with Perez and me."

Sir Mortimer's Avowal.

From Johnston's "Sir Mortimer." (Harper.)

THE silence seemed long before with recovered calmness the Admiral spoke. "Take the truth, then, from my lips, and bear it highly. As we had plotted so we did, but that vile toad, that engrained traitor, learning, we know not how, each jot and tittle of our plan and escaping by some secret way, sold us to disaster such as has not been since

Fayal in the Azores! For on land we fought to no avail, and by treachery the Spaniards seized the *Cygnets*, slew the men upon her, and fired her powder-room. Dressed in flame she bore down upon, struck, and sunk the *Phoenix*. . . . Now we are the *Mere Honour* and the *Marigold*, and we go under press of sail because behind us, whitening the waters that we have left, is the plate-fleet from Cartagena."

"Where is Robert Baldry?" asked Ferne.

"In the hands of Don Luiz de Guardiola—dead or living we know not. He and a hundred men came not forth from the tunal—stayed behind in the snare the Spaniard had set for them."

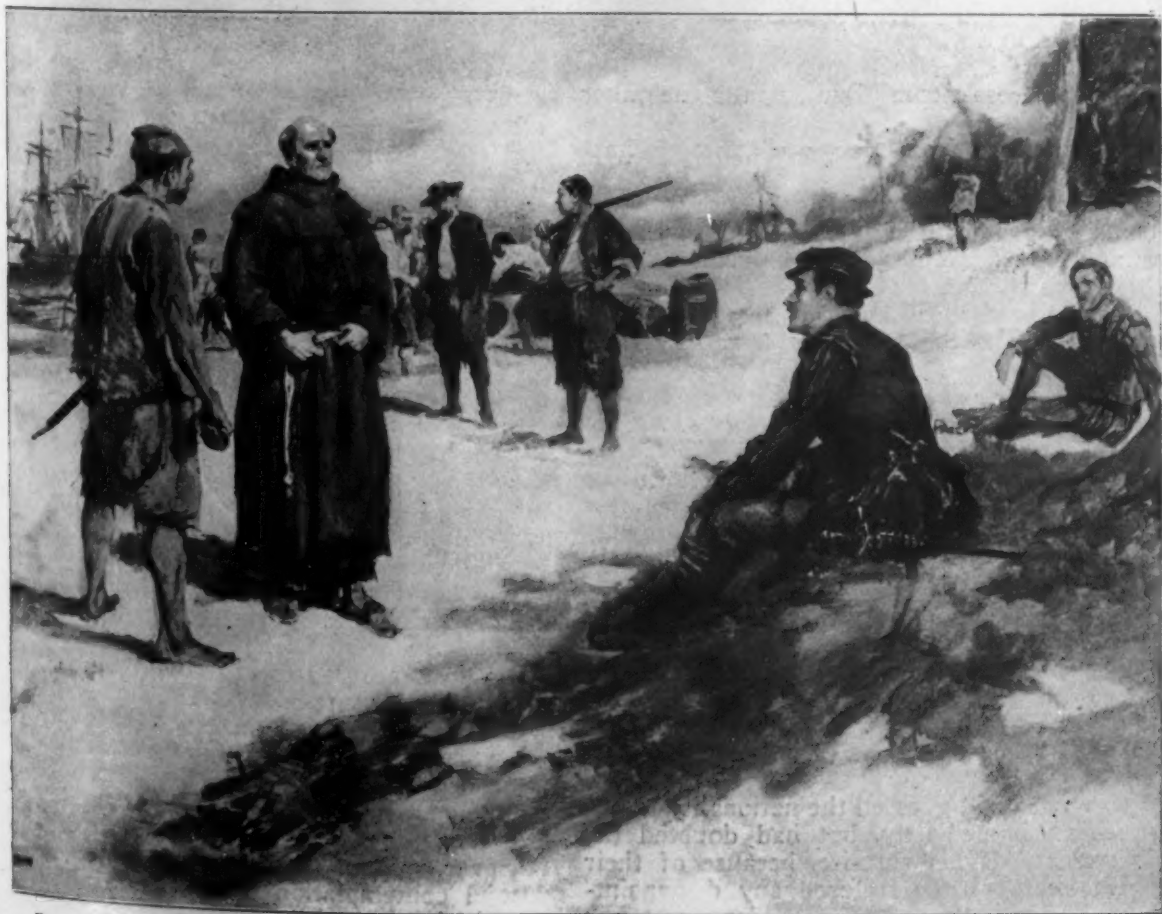
"Where is Henry Sedley?"

"He died in my arms, Mortimer, thrust through by a pike in that bitter fight upon the plain!" Arden made reply. "I was to tell you that he waited for you in Christ His court."

"Then will he wait for aye," said the man who leaned so heavily against the door. "Or till Christ beckons in Iscariot."

They looked at him, thinking his mind distraught, not wondering that it should be so. He read their thought and smiled, but his eyes that smiled not met Arden's. "Great God!" cried the latter, shrank back against the table and put out a shaking hand.

Slowly Ferne left the support of the wood and straightened his racked frame until he stood erect, a figure yet graceful, yet stately, but pathetic and terrible, bearing as it did deep marks of Spanish hatred. The face was



From "Sir Mortimer."

Copyright, 1903, by Mary Johnston. (Harper & Bros.)

ghastly in its gleaming pallor, in its effect of a beautiful mask fitted to tragedy too utter for aught but stillness. He wore no doublet, and his shirt was torn and stained with blood, but in last and subtlest mockery De Guardiola had restored to him his sword. He drew it now, held the blade across his knee, and with one effort of all his strength broke the steel in twain, then threw the pieces from him, and turned his sunken eyes upon the Admiral. "I beg the shortest shrift that you may give," he said. "It was I who, when they tormented me, told them all. Hang me now, John Nevil, in the starlight."

Miriam, the Sister of Moses.

From Elizabeth Miller's "The Yoke." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

BEFORE him was a woman of heroic proportions, taller, with the exception of himself, than any man in the crowd. Upon her, at first glance, was to be discerned the stamp of great age, yet she was as straight as a column and her hair was heavy and midnight-black. Hers was the Semitic cast of countenance, the features sharply chiseled, but without that aggressiveness that emphasizes the outline of a withered face. Every passing year had left its mark on her, but she had grown old not as others do. Here was flesh compromising with age—accepting its majesty, defying its decay—a sublunar assumption of immortality. There was no longer any suggestion of femininity; the idea was dread power and unearthly grace. Of such nature might the sexless archangels partake.

"Holy Amen!" one of the awed bystanders exclaimed in a whisper to his neighbor. "Who is this?"

"A princess from Punt,"* the neighbor surmised.

"A priestess from Babylon," another hazarded.

"Nay, ye are all wrong," quavered an old man who had been looking at the newcomers under the elbows of the crowd. "She is an Israelite."

"Thou hast a cataract, old man," was the scornful reply from some one near by. "She is no slave."

"Aye," went on the unsteady voice, "I know her. She was the favorite woman of Queen Neferari Thermuthis. She has not been out of the Delta where her people live since the good queen died forty years ago. She must be well-nigh a hundred years old. Aye, I should know her by her stature. It is of a truth the Lady Miriam."

At the sound of his mistress' name one of the bearers turned and shot a sharp glance at the speaker. Instantly the old man fell back, saying, as a sneer of contempt ran through the rabble at the intelligence his words conveyed: "Anger them not. They have the evil eye."

Kenkenes had guessed the nationality of the strangers immediately, but had doubted the correctness of his surmise, because of their noble mien. If he suffered any disappointment in hearing proof of their identity, it was immediately nullified by the joy his artist-

soul took in the stately Hebrew woman. He forgot the mission that urged him to the temple and, permitting the shifting, restless crowd to surround him, he lingered, thinking. This proud disdain must mark his goddess of stone in the Arabian hills, this majesty and power; but there must be youth and fire in the place of this ancient calm.

A porter that stood beside him, emboldened by barley beer and the growing disapproval among the onlookers, cried:

"Ha! by the rags of my fathers, she outshines her masters, the brickmaking hag!"

Kenkenes, who towered over the ruffian, became possessed of a sudden and uncontrollable indignation. He pecked the man on the head with the knuckle of his forefinger, saying in colloquial Egyptian:

"Hold thy tongue, brawler, nor presume to flout thy betters!"

The stately Israelite, who had taken no notice of any word against her, now turned her head toward Kenkenes and slowly inspected him. He had no opportunity to guess whether her gaze was approving, for the crowd about him, grown weary of waiting, had become quarrelsome and was loudly resenting his defense of the Hebrews. The porter, supported by several of his brethren, was already menacing the young sculptor when some one shouted that the procession was in sight.

The Joys of Anticipation.

From Henry's "The House in the Woods." (Barnes.)

"AND now," said Nancy, "where is the house to be? I would like it close to the brook."

"With a window overlooking it."

"A casement window."

"A very wide, low window, something like the usual frame put in sideways."

"With diamond frames."

"They are hard to look out of."

"But they are so pretty, especially in the woods."

"We might have each window in four parts (I did not then know the word 'sash' to use it correctly), the two at the ends stationary and of large panes, and the two center sections, fixed to swing open, filled with diamond panes."

"Lovely!" said Nancy, with her usual enthusiasm in a temporary approval of what she in no way understands.

"And now," I said, "let's all walk backward slowly through the trees, until the view down the valley is just as we want it."

This we did, and to a chance observer we might have been taken for members of some mysterious religious sect at their rites. . . . The enormous trunk of a fallen hemlock lay along the bank of the brook, and here we sat while I made rough pencil sketches of our ideas for a house. The girls, one on each side, bent over my knee and chirruped their impossible suggestions. Out of all our dreams, however, a plan was drawn, and we sat in wistful contemplation of this peaceful abode among the trees, its dormered roof, its overhanging eaves, its wide, low windows, its shingled sides, its huge stone chimney at the end.

* Punt—Arabia.

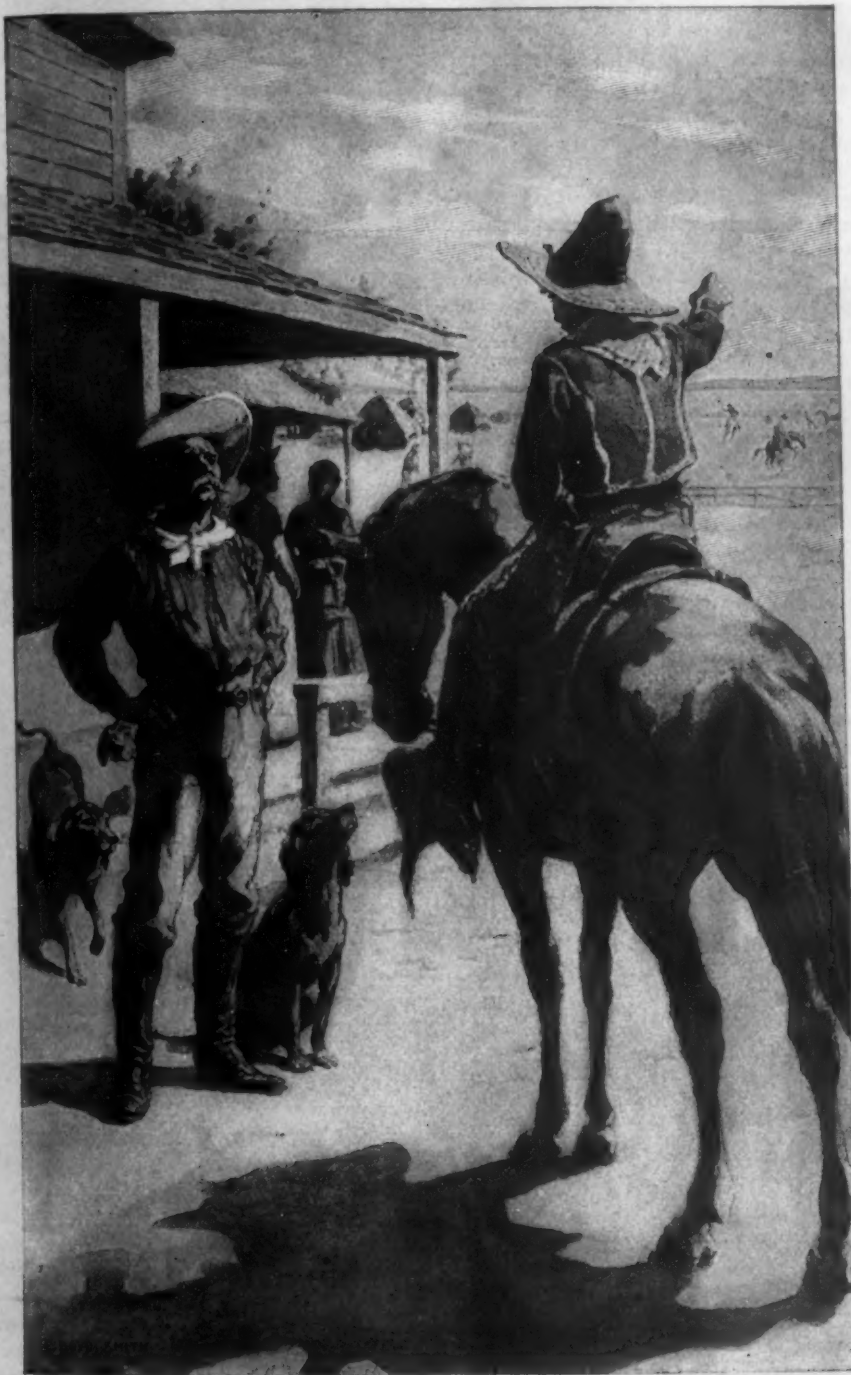
The Ranchman in the Milliner's Shop.

From Adams' "A Texas Matchmaker."
(Houghton, M. & Co.)

ONCE inside the door we halted, and she kept a counter between us as she approached. She ought to have called the police and had us

incompetent to decide on such a delicate matter, but we will trust entirely to your judgment in the selection.' The milliner was quite collected by this time, as she asked: 'Any particular style?—and about what price?'

"The price is immaterial," said he disdain-



From "A Texas Matchmaker." Copyright, 1904, by Andy Adams (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

GAVE THE WILDEST HORSES THEIR HEADS.

run in. She was probably scared, but her voice was fairly steady as she spoke. 'Gentlemen, what can I do for you?'

"My friend here," said he, with a bow and a wave of the hand, 'was unfortunate enough to lose a wager made between us. The terms of the bet were that the loser was to buy a new hat for one of the dining-room girls at our hotel. As we are leaving town to-morrow, we have just dropped in to see if you have anything suitable. We are both totally

fully. Any man who will wager on the average weight of a train-load of cattle, his own cattle, mind you, and miss them twenty pounds, ought to pay for his lack of judgment. Don't you think so, Miss—er—er. Excuse me for being unable to call your name—but—but—' 'De Ment is my name,' said she with some little embarrassment.

"Livingstone is mine," said he with a profound bow, 'and this gentleman is Mr. Ochil-tree, youngest brother of Congressman Tom.

Now regarding the style, we will depend entirely upon your selection. But possibly the loser is entitled to some choice in the matter. Mr. Ochiltree, have you any preference in regard to style?"

"Why, no, I can generally tell whether a hat becomes a lady or not, but as to selecting one I am at sea. We had better depend on Miss De Ment's judgment. Still, I always like an abundance of flowers on a lady's hat. Whenever a girl walks down the street ahead of me, I like to watch the posies, grass, and buds on her hat wave and nod with the motion of her walk. Miss De Ment, don't you agree with me that an abundance of flowers becomes a young lady? And this girl can't be over twenty."

"Well, now," said she, going into matters in earnest, "I can scarcely advise you. Is the young lady a brunette or blonde?"

"What difference does that make?" he innocently asked.

"Oh," said she, smiling, "we must harmonize colors. What would suit one complexion would not become another. What color is her hair?"

"Nearly the color of yours," said he. "Not so heavy and lacks the natural wave which yours has—but she's all right. She can ride a string of my horses until they all have sore backs. I tell you she is a cute trick. But, say, Miss De Ment, what do you think of a green hat, broad brimmed, turned up behind and on one side, long black feathers run round and turned up behind, with a blue bird on the other side swooping down like a pigeon hawk, long tail feathers and an arrow in its beak? That strikes me as about the mustard. What do you think of that kind of a hat, dear?"

The Ornamentation of the City Yard.

From Skinner's "Little Gardens." (Appleton.)

WE are so fond of show and luxury that we convert our houses into shops and museums, and the same propensity for overdoing is not infrequently seen in country estates with their overfrequent rustic shelters, pewter statuary, and masonry that means nothing except a job for the mason. It is also seen in yards. One yard in my town has a rockery which the owner has bestrewn with statuettes and china, that I verily think he found in the ash-dumps. He does not realize that a house is better suited for such things than is a place where green will grow. I have seen objects in a yard that were not artistic, yet that heightened the interest of locality, or hinted at resources of place or family history. In quartz countries, for instance, rockeries of snowy blocks and chunks of crystal connect the yard with the environing land, and in sundry whaling towns I think we would not spare the ancient figure-heads, the flagpoles, the ribs and vertebrae of whales that decorate the yards, any more than the after-cabins of dead ships which have been hauled up into the street to serve as summer-houses, kitchens or homes for the humble. These things, which impart a fine, fishy flavor to shore settlements, are grotesque when

transferred to inland yards, unless by a strange chance they conform to some scheme of building or decoration in the house that overlooks them. A house like that of the New York Yacht Club, for example, which is a fairly successful, and certainly interesting attempt to continue on land a suggestion of the architecture of the sea, would be entitled to a summer-house in the form of an after-cabin in its yard, if it had a yard; but can anything be more out of place than a boat, serving as jardinière or flower-bed, in a yard five miles from water? So, if we must have constructions and other matters in our ground that are but remotely germane to its normal uses, let us have a thought for their fitness. One of the new-rich families in New York has, in the middle of the drawing-room, a Russian sleigh, highly ornamented with panel paintings, and a palm stands on its seat. Palms are so usual to Russia; and especially in sleighs! Well, of all the—however, it is no worse than putting an old carriage body or boat or packing-box into the garden and filling it with flowers; hardly so bad, in fact, because hardly so obstructive, as putting two summer-houses on a strip fifty feet long.

In the Debtor's Prison.

From Rives' "The Castaway." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

JANE CLERMONT stole more than one side-long glance as Gordon's uneven step followed. At length the bailiff paused and unlocked a barred door. Mary knocked, but there was no answer; she pushed the door open and the girls entered.

From his station in the background, Gordon saw a dingy chamber, possessing as furniture only a cot, a chair, and a narrow board mantel, on which a candle was burning, stuck upright in its own tallow. Standing before this breast-high impromptu table, a pamphlet spread open upon it, his shoulders stooped, his eyes devouring the page, was the room's solitary occupant. He had thrown off the long coat with the lamb's-wool trimming, his collar was open leaving his throat unfettered, and his long locks hung negligently about his face.

"Bysshe!" cried Mary, ecstatically.

The figure by the mantel turned, flinging back his tumbled hair as if to toss away his abstraction.

"Mary!" he echoed, and sprang forward. "What are you doing here?"

"We've come for you. The debt is cancelled. To think of your being shut up here!" she said with a shiver, as a burst of noises rose from the court below.

"Cancelled!" he repeated with a hesitating laugh. "Your father would better have let me stay, Mary. I shall be just as bad again in a month. I couldn't resist buying a book if it meant the gallows!"

She did not undeceive him, but handed him his great-coat, and gathered the volumes tossed on to the couch to stuff into its bulging pockets.

Jane had been scrutinizing the room. "What's that?" she inquired, pointing to a

plate of food which sat on the far end of the mantel, as though it had been impatiently pushed aside.

The youth colored uneasily. "Why, I suppose that was my supper," he said shamefacedly; "I must have forgotten to eat it."

Jane laughed, picked up the pamphlet for which the meal had been forgotten, and read the title aloud. "Twelve Butchers for a Jury and a Jeffreys for a Judge. An Appeal against the Pending Frame-Breakers Bill to legalize the Murder of the Stocking-Weavers. By Percy Bysshe Shelley!"

"Frame-Breakers!" she finished disdainfully. "Stocking-Weavers!"

Shelley's delicate face flushed as he folded the pamphlet.

"Are they not men?" he exclaimed. "And being men, have they no natural rights? Is British law to shoot them down like wild beasts for the defense of their livelihood? Oh,

if I were only a peer, with a voice in Parliament!" He spoke with fierce emphasis, but in tone soft, vibrating and persuasive—a sustained, song-like quality in it.

"Percy Bysshe Shelley!" Gordon's mind recited the name wonderingly. He remembered a placard he had seen in a book-shop window: "For writing the which he stands expelled from University College, Oxford." So this was the heir to a baronetcy, the author of "Queen Mab," the stripling iconoclast who had laughed at fulminating attorney-generals, had fled to Lynmouth beach—where he had spent his days making little wooden boxes, inclosed in resined bladders, weighted with lead and equipped with tiny mast and sail, and had sent them, filled with his contraband writings, out on the rollers of the Atlantic in the hope that they might reach some free mind on the Irish shore or on some ocean brig.



From "The Castaway."

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"IS THAT YOU, GEORGE GORDON?" HE ASKED.

A Busy Day at the Clinic.

From Rowland's "To Windward." (Barnes.)

He passed through the clinical waiting room and observed with impatience that it was full to overflowing—also that there were many babies, and that the air was heavy with a sadness of noise and odor. In the consulting room beyond, Amos, clad principally in a garish shirt and a cigarette, awaited him. The cigarette he made pretense of discarding at the entrance of the chief.

"Hello, Knapp—going to lend me a hand?"

"Yes, if you want me to. I just wandered in to see how things were going in the O. P. D.* Rather slack in the wards to-day—guess all the work stops down here."

"It does when it's good and hot and a chap wants to get off in time to go down to the beaches. I wonder what I run this clinic for anyway! All I ever got out of it was the mumps last winter, and there's nothing to be learned where you've got to handle a case a minute and get through!" He stepped to the door.

"All right. Blue cards—one, two, three, four,—twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four!—men on the right,—women on the left—hold on there! on the right, I said! Are you a woman? You're a good-looking one with that beard! Don't speak English? Well then—taka offa de hatta and vamos over there (with a push)! Don't spit on the floor!"

The chief sorted the patients, wiped his brow, and beckoned to an elderly woman near the door.

"Come here please, madam, and answer some questions. Oh, come,"—his voice grew a shade gentler. "Don't be frightened,—I just want to ask you about yourself."

The woman came forward timidly and took the offered seat. She was past middle age and the color of her face merged with the dirty ocher of the wall. The frayed and faded cashmere shawl hung from her head and shoulders, clothing them as a wet towel clothes a towel-rack. Her features were most pitiful because patrician. The doctor, half sitting on the corner of the table, took a quick, sharp survey as he questioned her. Then he dictated to his assistant.

"Name, Martha Livingston; born, Virginia; widow; sews. Address?" He paused.

"Where do you live, Mrs. Livingston?" The tired eyes of the woman were averted. Her voice was almost inaudible.

Ah hev no immediate address jes' now, suh,—that is, Ah have removed—"

"Give me the address of one of your friends."

The women looked at the floor. "Unfortunatly mah friends ah, oh! in the South, suh—"

"Where are you going to sleep to-night?" interrupted the doctor, looking at her fixedly.

A flush of color gave the faded yellow face an almost lifelike appearance; the dim eyes filled; the voice was lost somewhere under the loose folds of the tattered shawl.

"When did you eat your last meal?" pur-

sued the doctor relentlessly. But there was no answer because the patient was sobbing softly in the hollow of her thin but delicately shaped hand.

"Take the history of the next case, Knapp, if you will, said the doctor, "then finish Mrs. Livingston's history and go over them both. I'm going to work off some of the men. There are a lot of chronics here that only need to have their prescriptions renewed." He stepped quickly across the hall.

A few medicines were prescribed for patients previously examined and then the new cases were taken in hand. The first was a Swedish stevedore of honest boyish face and the proportions of a Hercules, in whom the handling of heavy bales against the hour of sailing had brought to light a dangerously leaking heart valve. The nature of his condition was explained to him with a frankness that would have caused the immediate collapse of a neurasthenic, but he departed joyously confident that in spite of what had been told him, the little bottle of potent-tasting drugs would soon restore him to his former strength.

Idiosyncrasies of Plants.

From Mrs. Thomas's "Our Mountain Garden." (Macmillan.)

PLANTS are a good deal like people, and they know perfectly well what they want, and where they want to be, and if you put them where they are discontented, they must be coaxed and pampered all the time, or they simply will not try. On the other hand, if they like the place they find themselves in, they will flourish under almost total neglect. I often think, in all seriousness, that the scientists of the future will discover that plants have something which corresponds to the senses of the human being, and perhaps even to his mind. I constantly meet with acts on the part of weeds and flowers which I can account for on no other hypothesis. For instance, it is no uncommon thing to find a weed tucked in close to a flower, which it imitates in appearance so cleverly that only a sharp eye will discover it there. The weed, being the hardier of the two plants, would, one would think, under the favoring circumstances of a cultivated bed, grow rankly in its own natural way and dominate the flower. Instead of this it will often adopt a habit the exact reverse of its natural way, and disguise itself completely. Dandelions in a well-kept lawn will keep every leaf so flat to the ground that the lawn-mower passes over them without cutting them. But if one grows next to an Oriental poppy in the garden, every leaf will stand erect, grow to its utmost length, and hold itself exactly as the leaves of the poppy do.

"This is My Wife."

From Oppenheim's "Anna the Adventuress." (Little, Brown & Co.)

"I SHOULD like to speak to you for a few minutes," he said to Anna, dropping his voice a little. "It is no good playing a game. We had better have it over."

She eyed him scornfully. In any place her

* Out-Patient Department, or Hospital Dispensary.



From "Anna the Adventuress."

Copyright, 1904, by Little, Brown & Co.

"I DRINK YOUR VERY GOOD HEALTH," HE SAID.

beauty would have been an uncommon thing. Here, where every element of her surroundings was tawdry and commonplace, and before this young man of vulgar origin and appearance, it was striking.

"I do not know you," she said coldly. "I have nothing to say to you."

He stood before the door. Brendon made a quick movement forward. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"Please don't," she said. "It really is not necessary. Be so good as to let me pass, sir," she added, looking her obstructor steadily in the face.

He hesitated.

"This is all rot!" he declared angrily. "You can't think that I'm fool enough to be put off like this."

She glanced at Brendon, who stood by her side, tall and threatening. Her eyebrows were lifted in expostulation. A faint, delightfully humorous smile parted her lips.

"After all," she said, "if this person will not be reasonable, I am afraid——"

It was enough. A hand of iron fell upon

the scowling young man's shoulder.

"Be so good as to stand away from that door at once, sir," Brendon ordered.

Hill lost a little of his truculency. He knew very well that his muscles were flabby, and his nerve by no means what it should be. He was no match for Brendon. He yielded his place and struck instead with his tongue. He turned to Mrs. White.

"I'm sorry, ma'm, to seem the cause of any disturbance, but this," he pointed to Anna, "is my wife."

The sensation produced was gratifying enough. The man's statement was explicit, and spoken with confidence. Every one looked at Anna. For a moment she too had started and faltered in her exit from the room. Her fingers clutched the side of the door as though to steady herself. She caught her breath, and her eyes were lit with a sudden terror. She recovered herself, however, with amazing facility. Scarcely any one noticed the full measure of her consternation. From the threshold she looked her accuser steadily and coldly in the face.

A Patriarch of the Ranch Lands.

From Whitson's "The Rainbow Chasers." (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE patriarchal owner of the X Y ranch was sitting under his vine and fig-tree in the starlight, smoking his evening pipe, as the mule team and wagon drew up in front of the ranch house, two or three miles beyond the limits of the little town.

The said vine and fig-tree was a wide, cool, wind-swept piazza; and the ranch house was a large, square building, constructed of sod with roof shingles. One who has never seen and been within such a house will find it hard to conceive of Old Shake's home as it really was. The sod walls, four or five feet thick, were shaggy and dark brown outside, of the color of the earth of which they were composed. Inside the walls were rough-coated with plaster and hung with pictures and other things, while curtains were at the windows. The sod had been ploughed from the prairie in thick, ribbony strips, which cut into short sections had been laid and cemented with mud into walls, as if they were stones or gigantic bricks. The result was that the walls were almost impervious to cold or heat, of sufficient strength to support the heavy roof and to stand up like masonry against the fiercest blizzard.

Old Shake had the wide-reaching hospitality of the true ranchman. He rose from his comfortable rocker as he saw the men descend.

"Right welcome, strangers," he said, holding his smoking pipe in his left hand as he cordially extended his right.

Then he shook hands gravely as Lost Charlie introduced the guests, and sweeping the sky with his aging eyes pointed out its beauty and the glory of the stars, while his white beard stirred in the evening breeze.

"I like to look at the sky at night," he said, "and the man that don't like to look at it and ponder on the things it suggests is 'fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' It's simply glorious, 'this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire!'"

On the way out to the ranch Blake and Prethro had learned that the old man was forever "spoutin' Shakespeare's poetry," which fact had given him his appellation. They learned, too, that his true name was Caxton. "First name William," he said, proudly, seeming to think that this linked him in some mysterious way with the Immortal Bard whom he loved.

Later still they found that Mrs. Shake was as much of a student in her way as her husband was in his. He studied and quoted Shakespeare; she with ambition not so soaring, but as she believed more practical, strained her aged eyes over manifold editions of patent-medicine almanacs and divers advertisements of much-heralded remedies. Her well-thumbed "library" was all there, hung up carefully back of the stove-place, in the big family sitting-room. Above it, on the wide mantel, was the old man's much-read volume of the great dramatist, and a copy of Wilder's famous book of Kansas great names, which the cowboys irreverently called "The Herd Book of the Kansas Short-Horns."

An Experiment in Horse-Taming.

From Eggleston's "Evelyn Byrd." (Lothrop.)

WHEN Uncle Joe came into the dining-room, he had a number of matters concerning which he desired instruction. When these affairs had been disposed of, and Dorothy had directed him to slaughter a shoat on the following morning, the mistress asked:

"How about the young mare, Uncle Joe? Are you ever going to have her broken?"

"Well, you see, Missus, Dick's de only pusson on de plantation what dars to tackle dat dar mar', an' Dick he's done gone off to de wah wid Mahstah. 'Sides dat, de mar' she done trowed Dick hissef tree times. Dey simply ain't no doin' nuffin' wid dat dar mar', Missus. I reckon de only ting to do wid her is to sell her to de artillery, whah dey don' ax no odds o' no hoss whatsoever. She's five year ole, an' as strong as two mules, an' nobody ain't never been able to break her yit."

"Poor creature!" said Evelyn. "May I try what I can do with her, Dorothy?"

"You, little Missus?" broke in Joe. "You try to tackle de iron-gray mar'? Why, she'd mash you like a potato wid her foh-feet, an' den turn roun' an' kick you to kingdom come wid de hind par."

"May I try, Dorothy?" the girl calmly asked again, quite ignoring Uncle Joe's prophecies of evil.

"Hadn't you better let some of the men or boys break her first?"

"No. To me it is plain they have done too much of that already. Let me have her as she is. Have her brought up to the house, Uncle Joe, soon after dinner, with nothing on her but a halter."

"Why, little Mis', you don' know—"

"Do precisely as I tell you," interrupted the girl, who could be very imperious when so minded.

When the mare was brought she was striking viciously at the negro who led her. With ears laid back close to her head, and with the whites of her eyes showing menacingly, she was striking out with her hoofs as if intent upon committing homicide without further delay.

"Turn her loose, Ben," said the girl, who sat idly in the porch as if she had no task on her hands. "Then go away from her, and make all the rest go away, too—" motioning toward the gang of little negroes who had assembled, "to see de iron-gray mar' kill little Missie."

Midnight Mass in a Korean Monastery.

From Hamilton's "Korea." (Scribner.)

THE service began with the customary calling for Buddha. The Abbot tapped upon a bamboo cane; every one leant forward, their faces pressed down, and their foreheads resting upon the floor. The palms of their hands were extended beyond their heads in an attitude of reverence and humility. This prostration was accompanied by the intoning of a Thibetan chant, to the accompaniment of a brass gong, struck with a horn handle by the Abbot himself. Further prostrations followed upon the part of the entire assemblage, the

women joining in this part of the service. For the most part they squatted silently and reverently in their corner of the temple. As the different services concluded the Abbot shifted the offerings before the main altar to their appointed stations before the smaller shrines, when the prayers proceeded afresh. Protracted overtures were made to the picture of the Ten Judges, before which the service apparently became fully choral. One priest danced amazing and grotesque steps, strangely reminiscent of a Kaffir war-dance, the sole of one foot striking the floor to the accompaniment of a clash of cymbals as the other leapt into the air. Another priest played upon the cracked bell, and a third kept up a dull, monotonous thumping on the drum. The sole idea of the priests, as conveyed to my mind by their celebration, seemed to be the breaking up of the solemn silence of the night by the most amazing medley of noises. At intervals, in the course of the unmusical colloquy between the drums, the cymbals, and the big bell, the monks chanted their dirges, which were, in turn, punctuated by the dislocated tapping of the Abbot's brass bell and wooden knocker.

It was deafening, the most penetrating discord of which I have ever been the unfortunate auditor. With the conclusion of the exercises upon the cymbals, which were beaten together in a wide, circular sweep of the arms, then tossed aloft, caught, and clanged together after the fashion of the South African native with his spear and shield, the performing priest returned to the companion who relieved

him. His more immediate activities over, he stood aside laughing and talking with his colleagues in a voice which quite drowned the chants in which his companions were engaged. Then, panting with his late exertions, he proceeded to fan himself with the most perfect unconcern, finally examining the hem of his jacket for lice; his search repaying him, he returned to his seat upon the floor and lifted up his voice with the others. After the sacrifices and prayers had been offered before the main altar and those upon the right and left, extra tables of fruit, apples, dates, nuts, cakes and incense, together with the previous dishes of rice, cakes, incense and bread, were spread before a small shrine placed in front of the screen. Rice was piled into a bowl, and, while the other monks were laughing and chattering among themselves in the temple itself during the progress of the sacrifice, the two women approached the shrine and made obeisance three times, then touching each dish with their fingers, bowed again and retired to their corner. At the same time three priests, breaking from the group that were talking by the doors of the building, sat down in the centre of the temple upon their praying-mats, seven or eight feet from the shrine. While one chanted Korean prayers from a roll of paper, another struck and rang the brass bell repeatedly, and the third hammered the gong. Throughout this part of the service the others chatted volubly, until they, too, joined in a chorus and pæan of thanksgiving, breaking off from that to chant, in low, suppressed tones, a not unimpressive litany.



From Hamilton's "Koruz."

Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of Uriah.

From Wyllarde's "The Rat-Trap." (Lane.)

HE did not turn his head as Halton's retreating steps died away from the room, but he noticed with more interest the sound of a little silver clock striking eight. He often worked up to ten o'clock at night, and had come back to write his letters direct from the dinner-table. The one to Melton Hanney was too long for an official document, and more private than he had indicated to Halton. He intended giving it to Alaric Lewin to deliver direct, and had cabled in cypher to Hanney to inform him of his advent. As he directed and sealed the envelope it struck him that the room was hot, and he rose and opened the long window-doors on to the stoep, passing Halton's table as he did so. The book lay open where the Commissioner had left it, and with a passing wonder as to what he had been reading, Gregory's eyes fell upon it and discovered that it was an old Bible, probably kept there for purposes of oath-making.

The Administrator took the book up deliberately in his strong hands, and looked to see what had engrossed Alfred Halton so deeply. He remembered how the flicker of the thin pages carefully turned, behind him, had worried his ear while he tried to concentrate all his thought and care upon the letter to Hanney, for it had been a dangerous letter to write, and every word had been weighed. Even then he had found it necessary to seal it, and would have to apologize to Lewin when asking him to deliver it. Halton had been looking for something, or he would not have turned those pages with such intent. Evelyn Gregory held up the faded print to the light.

It was the story of Uriah.

"And it came to pass in the morning that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah.

"And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten, and die.

"And it came to pass, when Joab observed the city, that he assigned Uriah unto a place whence he knew that valiant men were.

"And the men of the city went out, and fought with Joab; and there fell some of the people of the servants of David; and Uriah the Hittite died also."

Certain passages in his own letter rose in Gregory's mind as distinctly and slowly as the note of the little silver clock when it had chimed out the hour. "I am forced to send a fool, because Government have cabled . . . but I can only rely on you to do your best to save his mistakes, and get us out of the mess if he hashes it . . . Do you remember Barotse, and the night you said you owed me more than a life? Well, if you want to pay, back me up now. . . . Lewin is one of those favored animals with Friends. I am always being urged to make a show for him. Don't take his place, but follow him up and cover his tracks. If the fool has anything in him it must show up now. Give him a free hand

—it is the consequences I want you to manage. I know I am asking a hard thing of you, all the work and no pay; but then I could trust no one else, if that's *Salama* to you. . . . *Above all, keep Lewin in the front of things.*"

He put down the Bible with a steady hand, and his iron jaws closed slowly, hardening his face into its ugliest lines. Yet for a moment he stood by the table thinking, and facing his own letter unflinchingly, as he saw it in his mind, side by side with one written dusty centuries ago by another strong man to his captain.

"Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the battle—"

"Above all, keep Lewin in the front of things."

He was roused by the door being opened, because no attention had rewarded the servant's patient tapping, but he looked at his master apologetically.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir!" he breathed rather than spoke, as if his own extraordinary message confused him.

Escape by the Underground Railroad.

From Morgan's "The Issue." (Lippincott.)

VOICES, sounding near, awoke her. Men were searching in the wheat. Fright for a time took away her power to move. Those forbidding people she had last seen must have spied upon her, and now they were about to betray her. Even her own heart acted as though bent upon betraying her, so loud it sounded in its tempestuous beating. She sprang up and ran out of the field into a road, and then along the road. On ahead was a light. She would go into the house whence the light shone and clasp its master round his knees, and beg him to shield her. But the light was not from a house—it was from a monster wagon, laden with beeswax. The driver sprang down from his seat.

As his own lantern disclosed, he was a stocky man, with heavy jowls. There was a button-like wart in a rounded cavity of one of his fat cheeks. He touched a spring, and down fell the tailboard of the wagon, revealing a bed of straw in a recess between the false bottom and the true. "Hurry up," said he; hide here." There was a snap as the tailboard closed upon Po; and the beeswax man climbed back upon his seat.

"Where's the woman who escaped me on this road?" thundered the Sea Hawk, ravening up.

"Woman, did you say?" retorted the driver, as he swung his lantern in the Sea Hawk's face: "I'm not bothering with women, mister. I'm buying beeswax."

"I'm Deputy to the Sheriff of Howard County," lied the Sea Hawk; "and if you saw that girl it's your duty to tell me."

"I'm buying beeswax," persisted the driver. "Beeswax de damned!" roared the Sea Hawk, passing on.

Meantime, as it seemed, Po could not have kept quieter had she been ceremoniously



From "The Issue."

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FROM THE SPROULE COACH STEPPED MR. CLAY, MR. WEBSTER.
MR. CALHOUN.

boxed and sealed in walnut, with a hearse as her coach. Yet who that has put his fingers close about the body of a wild bird but remembers its galloping heart-thumps, pitiful to the hand? So with Po at this moment, face down in straw, listening; until, by and by, she heard the beeswax man chirrup to his horses. There was a jingling of trace-chains—a rumble, a creak. She ceased now to hold her breath, which became the very breath of thankfulness. Was it not as if God, taking cognizance of the odds against her in the terrifying hide-and-seek game with the Sea Hawk, had sent the man with the wart-button in his cheek to pick her up and put her in his pocket and make off with her? For a

pocket it was—this strange compartment under the cakes of beeswax. Luckily she was used to a narrow bed—her berth in the cabin of the bethel-boat was less wide by half.

"Shr-r-r!" Po heard the brakes cut against the wheels; then the splashing of hoofs in water. The wagon had passed down-hill to a ford. What if the water should creep up, inch by inch, and fill the box encasing her! Yet such a fate, thought she, would be by far less dreadful than the fate she had escaped; for to die innocently was to go to God, but to be a slave to the Sea Hawk might mean for her the loss of that precious inner eye where-with honor and virtue see, and thus and then, alas! the loss of her soul.

The Trout of the Golden Pool.

From Roberts's "Watchers of the Trails." (Page.)

VERY early one morning, when all his world was of a silvery gray, and over the glassy pallor of his roof thin gleams of pink were mingled with ghostly, swirling mist-shadows, a strange fly touched the surface directly above him. It had a slender, scarlet, curving body, with long hairs of yellow and black about its neck, and brown and white wings. It fell upon the water with the daintiest possible splash, just enough to catch his attention. Being utterly unlike anything he had ever seen before, it aroused his interest, and he slanted slowly upward. A moment later a second fly touched the water, a light gray, mottled thing, with a yellow body, and pink and green hairs fringing its neck. This, too, was strange to him. He rolled a foot higher, not with any immediate idea of trying them, but under his usual vague impulse to investigate everything pertaining to his pool. Just then the mist-swirls lifted slightly, and the light grew stronger, and against the smooth surface he detected a fine, almost invisible, thread leading from the head of each fly. With a derisive flirt of his tail he sank back to the bottom of his lair. Right well he knew the significance of that fine thread.

The strange flies skipped lightly over the surface of the pool, in a manner that to most trout would have seemed very alluring. They moved away toward a phenomenon which he had just now noticed for the first time, a pair of dark, pillar-like objects standing where the water was about two feet deep, over toward the further shore. These dark objects moved a little, gently. Then the strange flies disappeared. A moment later they dropped again, and went through the same performance. This was repeated several times, the big trout watching with interest mingled with contempt. There was no peril for him in such gauds.

Presently the flies disappeared for good. A few minutes later two others came in their place—one a tiny, white, moth-like thing, the other a big, bristling bunch of crimson hairs. The latter stirred, far back in his dull memory, an association of pain and fear, and he backed deeper into his watery den. It was a red hackle; and in his early days, when he was about eight inches long, and frequented the tail of a shallow, foamy rapid, he had had experience of its sharp allurements. The little moth he ignored, but he kept an eye on the red hackle as it trailed and danced hither and thither across the pool. Once, near the other side, he saw a misguided fingerling dart from under a stone in the shallow water and seize the gay morsel. The fingerling rose, with a jerk, from the water, and was no more seen. It vanished into the unknown air; and the master of the pool quailed as he marked its fate. After this, the pair of dark, pillar-like objects moved away to the shore, no longer careful, but making a huge, splashing noise. No more strange flies appeared; and the gold light of full day stole down to the depths of the pool. Soon, flies which the master well knew, with no fine threads attached to them, began to speck the surface over him, and he fed, in his lazy way, without misgiving.

The Shadow of Fear.

From Carryl's "The Transgression of Andrew Vane." (Holt.)

MARGERY rose, almost with a shudder, crossed the room, and stood at the window opening upon the balcony. Below, a whirling stream of cabs, bound in from Long-champ, split around the island in the centre of the *place*, merged again upon the opposite side, and went rocking and rattling on, up the Avenue Victor Hugo, toward the Arc. In curious contrast to this continuous and flip-pant clatter, the harsh bell of St. Honoré d'Eylau was striking six.

"I hate it!" said the girl. "I couldn't attempt to make you understand how I loathe Paris, and how home-sick for America I am. Here—I can't express it, but the shallowness and the insincerity and the—the immorality of these people gets into one's blood. It's all pretence, sham, and heartless, cynical impurity. At first I didn't see it—I didn't understand. I was dazzled with the lights, and the fountains, and the gaiety. I was lonely—yes: but when I remembered all there was to see and do, remembered that here is the best in art and music and what not, I thought I should be happy. But it's the beauty of a tropical swamp, Mr. Vane—there's poison in the air! You wouldn't think I'd feel that, would you?—but I do. It's all around me. I can't shut it out. I meet it here, there—everywhere. It sickens me. It chokes me. It's just as if something that I couldn't fight against, that was bound to conquer me in the end, struggle as I might, were trying to rob me of all my beliefs, and ideals, and trust in the honor of men and the goodness of women. I hate it! I'd give—oh, what *wouldn't* I give!—to be back in America, on the good, clean North Shore, where things—where things are *straight*!"

She turned upon him suddenly, her eyes full of a strange trouble that was almost fear.

"Do you see?" she added.

"Yes," said Andrew slowly. "I think I see. That's what I meant; that's how I thought you would feel. You're right. Paris is no place for a girl—like you."

"It's no place for any one who loves what's clean and decent," said Margery hotly. "It's no place for a *man*! I'm not supposed to know, am I, about such things? And perhaps I don't. I couldn't tell you exactly what I mean, even if I wanted to. But I feel it here." She laid her hand upon her throat. "I feel the danger that I can't describe. It strangles me. I'm afraid. I'm afraid for its influence upon any one for whom—for whom I might care. I'm afraid for myself. It's nothing definite, you see, and that's just where it seems to me to be so dangerous. Do you remember when we were reading Tennyson at Beverly—'The Lotus Eaters'?"

She paused for an instant, and then, looking away from him again, recited the lines:

"For surely now our household hearts are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange;
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings,
Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things,
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain."

There was something in her voice more eloquent than the music of the words. Andrew came forward a step, as if he would have touched her, but she looked up and met his eyes.

"And you're afraid—?" he began.

The Flight of the Peri.

From Lanier's "The Romance of Piscator." (Holt.)

THE cousin was entirely fascinating as they loitered along the trail. She was so pleased with everything that before they reached the lake he was carrying a small waggon-load of leaves, flowers, and berries, and the trip occupied a full two hours.

Depositing these treasures on the shore, he began to bail out the boat.

"What time is it?" asked the cousin suddenly, when he had about half finished.

"Half-past eleven?" she continued. "Well, let me see: I don't know that I am quite properly dressed for fishing. Suppose we don't bother with that."

Piscator dropped the tin dipper and stared at her. She broke into a peal of silvery laughter at his rueful amazement.

"You really are a nice boy," said she confidentially. "All men are stupid, so I can't hold that up against you. I have half a min—" She looked up at him from lowered lids with an alluring and mischievous challenge in her eyes.

"No," she went on. "That's just the trouble: you're too nice."

She became suddenly animated. "What I really would like to know," she said, "is just what happened. Why you couldn't have been there five minutes. How *did* you manage in that time to drive a girl away from a delightful hotel and a handsome, devoted young millionaire, to a forsaken wilderness of sporting maniacs?"

Piscator leaped to his feet. "Away!" he exclaimed, involuntarily taking a step toward the road. "Are you joking? Has she really gone this morning?"

"Dear me," said the cousin contemplatively. "I wonder how it would feel—but no, get thee behind me, Apollyon. Gone?" she continued, "of course she has gone. You know why. I don't. But I was to give you this note; and although you've been so rude, I'll turn my back while you read it."

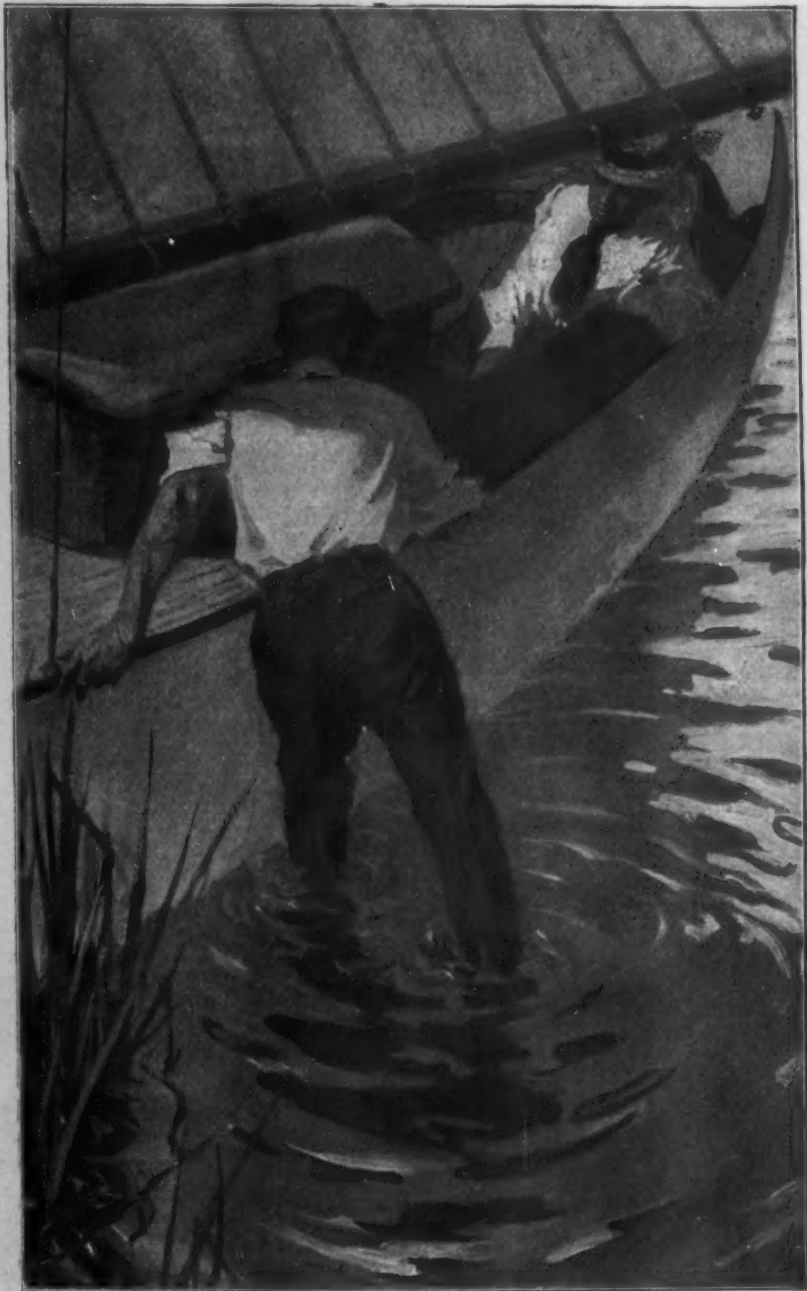
A Milestone on the Social Highway.

From "The Highroad." (Stone.)

I WONDER what conventional mothers think about when their daughters marry. I wish I could have another life in which to feel the reality of conventional living, conventional thinking. As it is, I have never had anything but the shadow. Behind the active *me* is always the woman who must plan and move the springs by which I move. I can no more "let myself go" than an actress on the stage can be natural. To be natural is not art in her case, nor in mine. It would bring the play to an end.

I am always letting my imagination tell me how the woman that I seem to be would feel under certain circumstances, and then I try to act as though I felt like that.

At Lucile's wedding I was not tearful, but I was very serious—and a little wistful. Mr. Herbert gave the bride away. The papers all



From "The Romance of Piscator."

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HE GOT OUT INTO TWO FEET OF MUD AND WATER AND PUSHED.

announced that "until the last moment" it had been expected that Prolmann (by his titles) would perform that office, but illness had prevented. As a matter of fact I wrote to Prolmann and told him that Lucile had asked that he would come. But he declined, and sent the pearl necklace.

I thought once of having the American Minister. The Minister at that time was a man whose father had been a great American, but he had had no training in social usages. Everybody used him for any purpose, and it would have been no trouble at all to secure him as an assistant at Lucile's wedding. But I wisely decided that he could be no advantage—like most things easily acquired.

As I saw Lucile come down from the altar on her husband's arm, I had a touch of what we call sentiment. Had it been possible I should have put my head down and cried like a child. But I knew better. I was acting the better bred mother. And all though the after ceremonies, the breakfast and the going away, I was thinking, thinking, "Will Lucile begin right?"

The Japanese Hearth.

From Singleton's "Japan." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

You must realize then, or try to realize, the prodigious import and positive universality of the domestic "fire-box" in Japan. There must exist at least as many as the inhabitants of the country—that is to say, about 40,000,000. Every shop has one in front of its shelves and bales, and every tea-house or hotel keeps them by the score, because the first thing brought to a traveller, or customer, on arrival, is the *hibachi*, either to warm him, or to furnish a chronic light for his pipe, or simply from habit and hospitality. The tradesmen and those who come to buy at his shop gather over the bronze fire-box to discuss prices, and at a dinner-party a *hibachi* is placed between every pair of guests. In the interior of an ordinary Japanese home, however, one sees the national institution in its simplest use. There it stands, always lighted, at least during the autumn and winter months, and in its copper receptacle the bed of ashes, and the glowing nest of genial fire. It is good to see with what dainty care the Japanese dame will pick up, stick by stick, and fragment by fragment, the precious pieces of charcoal which have fallen from off the central fire! With what delicate skill she builds a little dome or peak over the tiny crater of the domestic volcano, arranging and distributing! With what silent interest everybody watches her purse up her lips, and gently but persistently blow upon the sleeping fire till the scarlet life of it creeps from the central spark into every gray and black bit of the heap, and the *hibachi* is once more in high activity. Then the hands of the household meet over the kindly warmth, for this is the only "hearth" of the domicile, and when the palms and wrists are warm all the body will be comfortable. There are little square cushions laid all around the fire-box, and upon this we kneel and chat. You must drop nothing into that sacred centre in the way of cigar-ends, stumps of matches, or cigarette-

paper; it is the Festal Fire, not to be violated by disrespectful fuel. But you may put the *tetsubin* on it, and boil the "honorable hot water," or fry peas over it, or cook little fishes, or stew slices of orange and persimmon, and in fact treat it as a supplementary kitchen to the larger and permanent hearth established in the *daidokoro*. Every now and then the mistress of the house, who has the seat of honor before it, controlling the supply of *sumi* and the brass *hashi*, with which the fire-box is tended, will delicately and economically pick out with them, from the brass basket at her side, a nodule or two more of charcoal, and place these on the sinking fire, treating her *sumi-hako*, or charcoal-store, as elegantly and sparingly as a London lady would the sugar-basin.

A Dread Discovery.

From Marshall's "The Middle Wall." (Dillingham.)

INSTANTLY Parton went to the companionway and ran to the deck. He said nothing, but beckoned to the first man he saw to come below. The mate was standing against the rail, and watched the episode surlily, but at first made no motion to interfere. Then, as the man started to obey Parton's signal, he made a movement as if he would have interposed between him and the companionway, but the men who were on guard took a step or two forward, and he changed his mind.

The sailor went below with Parton. The latter made no explanations to him. He could smell the smoke himself by this time. The removal of the rug had apparently released the odor, although no smoke could be seen. Parton hurriedly explained the situation to the man, and bade him help Wilson in removing the hatch.

"By God!" said the sailor. "That's what makes the deck hot amidstships. The cargo's smoulderin'. I said the deck was hotter'n I'd ever known a deck to be before, an' the mate, he told me to go to Hell. Said I'd find things hotter yet down there."

The labor of getting the table out of the way and lifting the heavy hatch took not more than ten minutes; but it seemed like a long time to Parton. They had not raised one edge of it more than a fraction of an inch before their fears were fully confirmed. A thin stream of smoke curled through the opening. Simultaneously they dropped their hold of it.

"Better leave it down, sir," said Wilson. "A fire'll burn ten times as fast if the air gets to it. I was on a ship on fire at sea once before. Better keep everything as tight as possible."

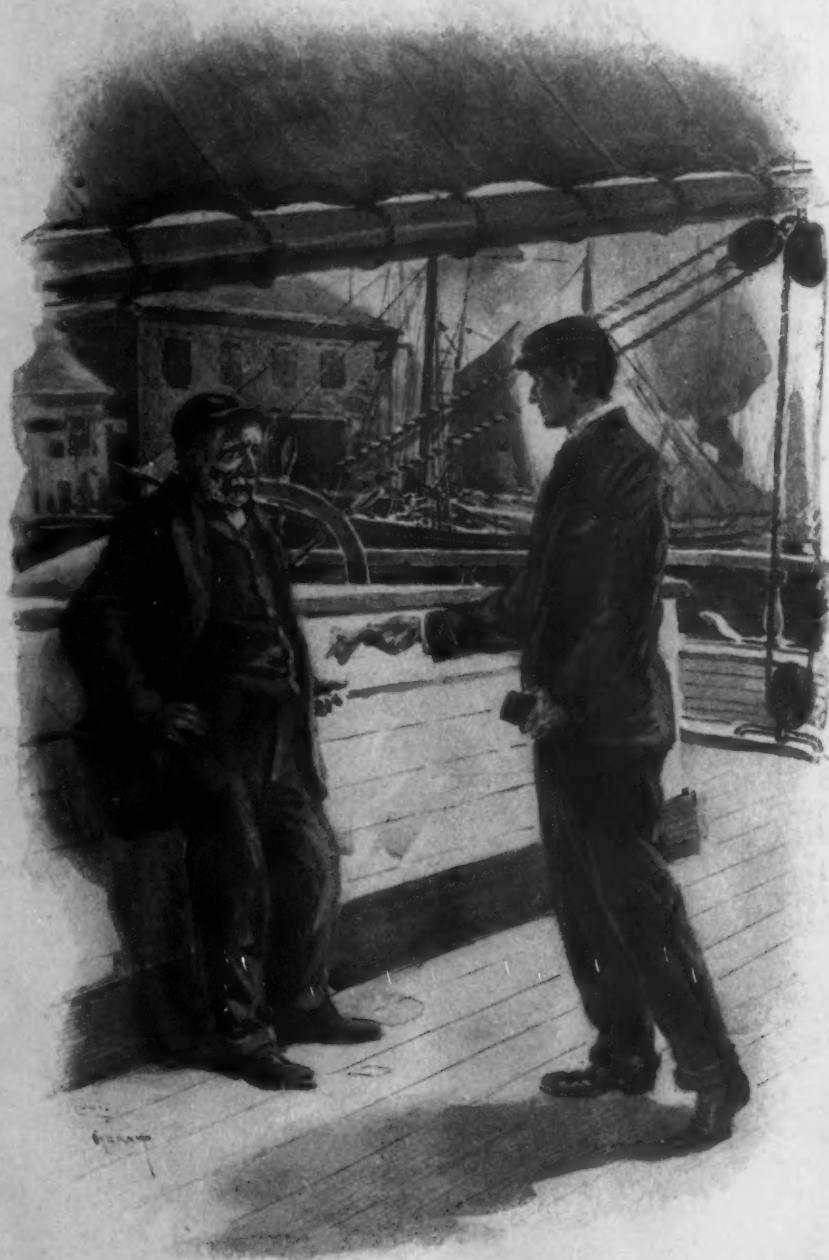
Parton turned to the two men. It would not do to let them know the danger which they were really in. He said nothing about the Humberite and its dreadful possibilities. His work was cut out for him and there was plenty of it. He must notify the mate of the dreadful situation, rush below and get his diaphanons, tell these men here to get some clothes on the sick man, do it himself if they were too badly frightened to, and then see to it that the vessel was abandoned as quickly as she could be.

The fact that the men knew nothing about

the presence of the explosive in the cargo saved them from being panic struck. Also Parton's entirely calm manner had its effect on them, and they quickly set about carrying out his orders.

Parton hurried up the companionway, and even as his feet touched the level of the deck he heard a shout which meant that his warn-

were hidden. But even as he hastened, while the mate was giving rapid orders and the men were in a frenzy of haste in preparing the boats for lowering, the small spirals of smoke amidships changed to small tongues of flame. These ran up the tarred tackle which hung about the base of the main mast, and, springing upwards with almost inconceivable rapid-



From "The Middle Wall."

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A CARD DROPPED FROM PARTON'S POCKETBOOK TO THE FLOOR.

ing would be unnecessary. There were some thin curls of smoke coming from the main hatch and these had been discovered by the men. A great cry of "Fire" was raised and taken up by every man on board. The mate, at first incredulous, then quickly convinced as the small spirals of smoke were pointed out to him, gave orders quickly. He paid no attention to Parton, who was hurrying forward toward the hatch by which he must reach the portion of the hold in which his diamonds

ity, caught the canvas. Tinder could not have been more eager to offer itself in sacrifice to the fire fiend than was the canvas of the *Lydia Skolfeld*. In less time than it would have taken Parton to have reached the forward hatch had he not paused in fascinated terror at sight of the leaping flames there on the main mast, the way was closed to him. A roaring wall of flame shut him off from the possibility of reaching the hold in which his treasure was concealed.

Across the Channel in a Flying Machine.

From Jepson's "The Admirable Tinker."
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

WHEN the aneroid told Tinker that the car had reached the height of 3000 feet, he opened a valve, and let the gas escape slowly from the balloon. The instant she began to sink he switched to a slight downward angle the great planes, some seventy feet long, which were fixed parallel to the car. The machine began to glide downwards on them, gathering momentum from the weight of the car at a quickly increasing speed, until she was tearing through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour, and sinking a hundred feet in the mile. The financier sat hunched up, gasping and shivering as the air whizzed past his ears and shrilled among the ropes. Tinker, with an air of cheerful excitement, kept the machine on her course, and watched the aneroid: his face of a seraph was peculiarly appropriate to these high altitudes, though the millionaire was too busy with his fears to observe the fact.

In half an hour the machine had rushed down to five hundred feet above the sea: Tinker switched the planes to the same angle upwards, and the momentum drove her up the incline of the air with little diminished speed. Then he turned a tap and let the stored gas, compressed in an aluminum cylinder, flow into the balloon, and restored the whole machine to its former buoyancy. Moving more and more slowly the higher it rose, the flying-machine once more gained the height of 3000 feet, and once more swooped down from it. At the beginning of the upward sweep, Tinker said, "Another swoop like that will bring us to Paris."

The financier, who had spent the time qualifying for a place among the invertebrates, only groaned. Tinker was disgusted; but he

said, "Cheer up! You're the first man who has ever crossed the Channel in a flying-machine. You'll be in the history books!"

The car rose and rose: Tinker had just resolved to swoop from 3500 feet this time, when of a sudden she rose out of the windless area into a stiff breeze, icily chill. They learnt what had happened by the balloon bumping down on their heads with apparent intent to smother them, and in a breath the car was spinning round, and jerking furiously to and fro. The millionaire screamed and bumped about the car, and bumped and screamed. Tinker set his teeth, jammed the flying-machine into the teeth of the wind, switched down the planes, and tried to drive her down. It was no use; she was whirled around like a piece of thistledown. Then he opened the valve and let her sink. In three minutes she had fallen below the wind, and was shooting swiftly on the downward swoop. The financier was staring at him with a frenzied eye. Tinker closed the valve, and said with a joyous brightness, "She was quite out of control for a good five minutes!"

A Visit to Lady Byron.

From Mrs. Bancroft's "Letters from England."
(Scribner.)

WE have taken advantage of our leisure to drive a little into the country, and on Tuesday I had a pleasure of the highest order in driving down to Esher and passing a quiet day with Lady Byron, the widow of the poet. She is an intimate friend of Miss Murray, who has long wished us to see her and desired her to name the day for our visit.

Esher is a little village about sixteen miles from London, and Lady Byron has selected it as her residence, though her estates are in Leicestershire, because it is near Lord and



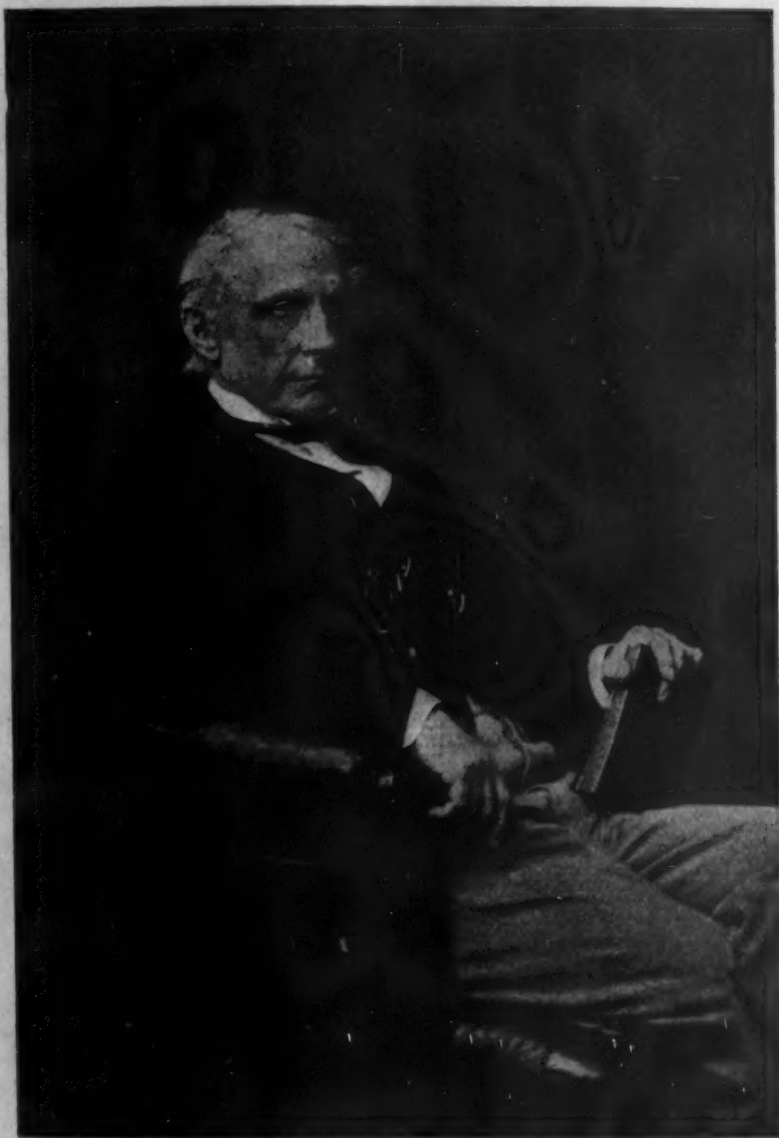
From "The Admirable Tinker."

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"I CAN'T HOLD HIM."

Lady Lovelace, her only child, the "Ada" of poetry. We went in our own carriage, taking Miss Murray with us, and as the country is now radiant with blossoms and glowing green, the drive itself was very agreeable. We arrived at two o'clock, and found only Lady

We went first to the royal seat, Claremont, where the Princess Charlotte lived so happily with Leopold, and where she died. Its park adjoins Lady Byron's, and the Queen allows her a private key that she may enjoy its exquisite grounds. Here we left the pedestrians,



From "Letters from England, 1846-1849." Copyright, 1904, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. W. KINGLAKE, ("EOTHEN.")

Byron, with the second boy of Lady Lovelace and his tutor. Lady Byron is now about fifty-five, and with the remains of an attractive, if not brilliant beauty. She has extremely delicate features, and very pale and finely delicate skin. A tone of voice and manner of the most trembling refinement, with a culture and strong intellect, almost masculine, but which betrays itself under such sweet and gentle and unobtrusive forms that one is only led to perceive it by slow degrees. She is the most modest and unostentatious person one can well conceive. She lives simply, and the chief of her large income, (you know she was the rich Miss Milbank,) she devotes to others. After lunch she wished me to see a little of the country round Esher and ordered her ponies and small carriage for herself and me, while Mr. Bancroft and Miss Murray walked.

while Lady Byron took me a more extensive drive, as she wished to show me some of the heaths in the neighborhood, which are covered with furze, now one mass of yellow bloom.

"The Richest Man in the World."

From Atherton's "Rulers of Kings." (Harper.)

THE hansom stopped before an immense brown-stone house on a corner, and Mr. Abbott descended, dismissing the cab. Fessenden wondered, but assumed that his father lived in a private hotel. It was his last moment of density. As the door was opened by an elderly butler, behind whom stood four footmen in livery, a band of ghosts seemed to race past his inner vision; as he entered the wide hall hung with tapestries, doors on

the right and the left showing the splendor of delicate brocade and historic furnishing, his brain experienced a sharp and clarifying shock. He had a dizzying vision of a little boy, in the pride of his first trousers, flying down those massive banisters and followed by a soft protesting shriek. For a moment every part of the house seemed to be pervaded by that small child and the minor almost querulous chords of a long-forgotten voice. His hand shook as he gave his hat to a footman of preternatural dignity, as he met the stolid but recognizing eye of the butler. He had not the courage to think, and he was white and almost weak as he followed his father to the library at the back of the house. It was a great room, lifted bodily from a ducal castle—books, pictures, busts, weapons—in the devouring American fashion. Fessenden, after one glance, fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands. He had torn up the papers as he tobogganed on that table more than once, with his father in the deep chair opposite.

Mr. Abbott seated himself in the chair and grasped the arms firmly. His face was more sallow than usual, but his glance was unwavering. "I see that you are already beginning to suspect—to know," he said. "I will not insult you by circumlocution, but make my confession at once—"

Fessenden emerged suddenly from his lethargy, sprang to his feet, and glared down upon his father. His eyes were almost black, his nostrils were jerking, and the pallor under his tan made him look quite ferocious. "What is there to say?" he almost shouted. "I can see the cursed truth plainly enough. You are a rich man."

His father met his glare steadily. "I am the richest man in the world," he said.

Again Fessenden was inarticulate, and under this merciless assault even his anger fell. He stared at his father with paling eyes and coloring face.

"Sit down, will you not? I have a great deal to say."

Fessenden, bewildered with the knowledge that he stood on the threshold of an unknown world which even now mocked his years of strenuous endeavor, resumed his chair mechanically and fixed his eyes on his father's face that he might make sure he was hearing facts at least.

The Arrest.

From Voynich's "Olive Latham." (Lippincott.)

He turned his head away with a quick, impatient sigh; and she, leaning back in her chair, looked fixedly out of the window. Past its square of dull and frosty blackness hurried endless troops of snow-flakes, driven by a merciless wind. Her heart sank within her at the sound of Vladimir's uneven, labored breathing. She turned to look at him; he lay with closed eyes, and the sharp contraction of his forehead at every rise and fall of the lungs sickened her as though the stab were in her own chest. There was a knock at the door.

"A telegram!" a man's voice called. "It's marked 'Urgent.'"

"Something wrong with dad," flashed across the girl's mind. She rose hastily.

"At once. . . ."

Vladimir's hand on her wrist stopped the beating of her heart.

"It's not a telegram," he said.

* * * * *

When the gray mist lifted she turned and looked at him. He was leaning forward with arms outstretched to embrace her, laughing, radiant.

"Sweetheart, haven't we quarrelled enough for a life that is so short? Kiss me, and open; it is death that knocks at the door."

"A telegram!" a voice repeated; but they scarcely heard it. She stooped over him, and they kissed each other on the lips. Then she unlocked the door. As the blue-clad figures burst in with a rush something broke and vanished; something golden, that shivered into atoms and fell as dust about her feet.

* * * * *

She stood beside the bed, quite still, seeing without interest the shamed faces of the men, hearing without attention the officer's courteous phrases.

"Seriously ill . . . discharge of a painful duty. . . ."

It all went past her, like a thin breeze far off.

Curiously monotonous and commonplace it was, too; a dull thing of every day, that she had known since the world began; had lived through, surely, oh, how many thousand times before!

It was Vladimir who was talking now. His voice was not contemptuous; it was merely indifferent. "How bored he is!" she thought, and wondered that he cared even to finish the sentence.

"As you wish, gentlemen; it is your trade, of course. Shall I dress?"

The officer's eyes dropped. He looked at the window, at the hunted snowflakes, then at Olive's face; and turned to the assistant procurator, who stood beside him, a black, buttoned-up figure, thin-lipped, precise, with shifty eyes.

"It's awkward," he said, under his breath. "A night like this. . . ."

"Yes," the other answered in a gentle, purring voice. "There are twenty-four degrees of frost."

He turned, smiling, to Vladimir. "This room is very warm; perhaps the air will do you good. Lung trouble, I understand? A very distressing complaint; but the doctors are all for the open-air cure nowadays."

"We scarcely need to discuss that," Vladimir answered, in the same tone, "seeing that you have already signed the warrant."

Olive spoke for the first time, in the manner of one asking merely for information.

"Is it a death warrant?"

The assistant procurator fixed her suddenly with his blue eyes. Two little points of hidden laughter gleamed behind the half-closed lids and vanished.

"And who may you be?" he said.

Bob o' Lincoln.*From Cowie's "Latter-Day Poems." (Wolcott.)*

BOB O' LINCOLN! Bob o' Lincoln!
 Ah! sweet Robin, is it you?
 Well may you sing, Bob o' Lincoln,
 Nothing else you have to do!
 Sing away! I'm listening, Robin,
 Listening long and envying you—
 I could sing, too, Bob o' Lincoln,
 Had I nothing else to do!

Bob o' Lincoln! Bob o' Lincoln!
 Trill away till all grows blue,
 Oh how fine you are, Sir Robin,
 None, you think, can sing like you!
 None, you think, could e'er defeat you,
 But your pride you yet may rue;
 Robin, Robin, I could beat you,
 Had I nothing else to do!

Could you sing so if they caught you,
 Took you from your skies so blue,
 And to turn a cage-wheel taught you,
 Just for something else to do?
 Oh, you're happy! but I'm thinking,
 Robin, I were happy, too—
 Could I sing like Bob o' Lincoln,
 And have nothing else to do!

The Breaking of the Bonds.*From Mrs. Wharton's "The Descent of Man." (Scribner.)*

SHE looked up, finding herself alone. She did not remember when or how he had left the room, or how long afterward she had sat there. The fire still smouldered on the hearth, but the slant of sunlight had left the wall.

Her first conscious thought was that she had not broken her word, that she had fulfilled the very letter of their bargain. There had been no crying out, no vain appeal to the past, no attempt at temporizing or evasion. She had marched straight up to the guns.

Now that it was over, she sickened to find herself alive. She looked about her, trying to recover her hold on reality. Her identity seemed to be slipping from her, as it disappears in a physical swoon. "This is my room—this is my house," she heard herself saying. Her room? Her house? She could almost hear the walls laugh back at her.

She stood up, weariness in every bone. The silence of the room frightened her. She remembered, now, having heard the front door close a long time ago: the sound suddenly echoed through her brain. Her husband must have left the house, then—her husband? She no longer knew in what terms to think: the simplest phrases had a poisoned edge. She sank back into her chair, overcome by a strange weakness. The clock struck ten—it was only ten o'clock! Suddenly she remembered that she had not ordered dinner . . . or were they dining out that evening? *Dinner—dining out*—the old meaningless phraseology pursued her! She must try to think of herself as she would think of some one else, a some one dissociated from all the familiar routine of the past, whose wants and habits must gradually be learned, as one might spy out the ways of a strange animal. . . .

The clock struck another hour—eleven. She stood up again and walked to the door: she thought she would go up stairs to her room. *Her room?* Again the word derided her. She opened the door, crossed the narrow hall, and walked up the stairs. As she passed, she

noticed Westall's sticks and umbrellas: a pair of his gloves lay on the hall table. The same stair-carpet mounted between the same walls; the same old French print, in its narrow black frame, faced her on the landing. This visual continuity was intolerable. Within, a gaping chasm; without, the same untroubled and familiar surface. She must get away from it before she could attempt to think. But, once in her room, she sat down on the lounge, a stupor creeping over her. . . .

George Rogers Clark and the Red Men.*From Winston Churchill's "The Crossing." (Macmillan.)*

As for the son of the Great White Chief, he sat for a long time that afternoon beside the truck patch of the house. And presently he slipped out by a byway into the street again, among the savages. His heart was bumping in his throat, but a boyish reasoning told him that he must show no fear. And that day he found what his Colonel had long since learned to be true—that in courage is the greater safety. The power of the Great White Chief was such that he allowed his son to go forth alone, and feared not for his life. Even so Clark himself walked among them, nor looked to right or left.

Two nights Colonel Clark sat through, calling now on this man and now on that, and conning the treaties which the English had made with the various tribes—ay, and French and Spanish treaties too—until he knew them all by heart. There was no haste in what he did, no uneasiness in his manner. He listened to the advice of Monsieur Gratiot and other Creole gentlemen of weight, to the Spanish officers who came in their regimentals from St. Louis out of curiosity to see how this man would treat with the tribes. For he spoke of his intentions to none of them, and gained the more respect by it. Within the week the council began; and the scene of the great drama was a field near the village, the background of forest trees. Few plays on the world's stage have held such suspense, few battles such excitement for those who watched. Here was the spectacle of one strong man's brain pitted against the combined craft of the wilderness. In the midst of a stretch of waving grass was a table, and a young man of six-and-twenty sat there alone. Around him were ringed the gathered tribes, each chief in the order of his importance squatted in the inner circle, their blankets making patches of bright color against the green. Behind the tribes was the little group of hunting shirts, the men leaning on the barrels of their long rifles, indolent but watchful. Here and there a gay uniform of a Spanish or Creole officer, and behind these all the population of the village that dared to show itself.

The ceremonies began with the kindling of the council fire,—a rite handed down through unknown centuries of Indian usage. By it nations had been made and unmade, broad lands passed, even as they now might pass. The yellow of its crackling flames was shaded by the summer sun, and the black smoke of it was wafted by the south wind over the forest.

Then for three days the chiefs spoke, and a man listened, unmoved. The sound of these orations, wild and fearful to my boyish ear, comes back to me now. Yet there was a cadence in it, a music of notes now falling, now rising to a passion and intensity that thrilled us.

Bad birds flying through the land (the British agents) had besought them to take up the bloody hatchet. They had sinned. They had listened to the lies which the bad birds had told of the Big Knives, they had taken their presents. But now the Great Spirit in His wisdom had brought themselves and the Chief of the Big Knives together. Therefore (suiting the action to the word) they stamped on the bloody belt, and rent in pieces the emblems of the White King across the water. So said the interpreters, as the chiefs one after another tore the miniature British flags which had been given them into bits. On the evening of the third day the White Chief rose in his chair, gazing haughtily about him. There was a deep silence.

"Tell your chiefs," he said, "tell your chiefs that to-morrow I will give them an answer. And upon the manner in which they receive that answer depends the fate of your nations. Good night."

In Search of a Domestic Angel.

From Paine's "The Commuters." (J. F. Taylor & Co.)

I RODE ten blocks and climbed four flights of very gloomy, smelly stairs into Sweden. I had been hopeful of Sweden. I had heard that Swedish girls were good girls, and even when the square-built muscular maiden came out into the hall to talk to me, closing the door firmly behind her, I was only vaguely alarmed. Through the odorous dark I spoke to her of green fields. I besought her to take up a share of my burdens in a land where sweet spring days were near, and where all day long were birds that would carol to her of the far-off hills and fjords of her childhood. I wooed her with promises of several dollars per week and Sundays out. She listened until I was quite empty, then:

"You lav in contry?"

"Well, yes, it is called the country. It is really part of the city, you know, with trains every few minutes. Nearer, in fact, than many points of Harlem. We—"

"I tank I not go to contry."

"Oh, but you would like it out there. It is beautiful in summer—like Sweden," which remark was probably a mistake on my part. Had she been attached to Sweden she would have remained there. Indeed, it seems to me that a good deal of this so-called affection for the fatherland is a pleasant fiction. I have yet to find the first wage-earner who has any genuine desire to return to his lakes and fells, his fjords, or his jungles, however much he may warble or babble of those beyond the sea. I wax a bit poetic myself, sometimes, and recall certain environs of childhood with affection. But I have no desire to return to them, or to locate in a place recommended as being of similar topography.

The maid of Sweden, whose square outline

only was visible through the redolent dusk, repeated that she did not sigh for green fields.

"But what's the matter with the country?" I asked.

She reflected on the matter before replying. "I—I tank I get sack dere."

La Salle's Vision of the Future.

From Orcutt's "Robert Cavelier." (McClurg.)

It was indeed a wondrous sight. Below them lay the beautiful St. Lawrence, broadened just in front by its junction with the St. Charles. Then it stretched away to the south mile after mile, narrowed down between its banks. Far beyond were great valleys and forests, contrasting their ever-varying shades of green with the pure silver of the water. Robert gazed at it long before he ventured to reply.

"'Tis beautiful indeed, Mistress Courcelle, and I thank you for giving me this opportunity of seeing it. I know the river well, but never had I thought how fair it was to look upon."

"My father said that you came from Montreal," continued Anne, noticing that her companion lapsed into silence; "is it like Quebec? I have never been there."

"Nay, nay," responded Robert, "'tis quite different. 'Tis less forward—less completed—than Quebec."

"And have you grown accustomed to this new home in the wilderness?"

"Yes, Mistress Courcelle," replied Robert, simply. "'Tis the only home I have ever known in which I have found happiness. Yes, I have grown accustomed to it, and I love it."

Robert relapsed into silence, his eyes stretched to the west. Anne's curiosity was aroused. What could be the quest which had brought this strange, serious young man from Montreal to Quebec, and which so dominated him that he betrayed himself almost by the first words he spoke? She looked at the figure beside her, gazing out across the water as if entirely unconscious of her presence. Anne's nature could endure this suspense no longer.

"What do you see so far to the westward, Master Cavelier?" she asked, smiling.

Her words brought Robert to himself, but he was not thinking of her when he replied.

"What do I see, ask you? Far to the westward I see wondrous beauties waiting to be found; I see unknown powers waiting for their conqueror; I see a mighty empire waiting to be claimed."

The strange words startled Anne, and she regarded her companion keenly. Surely there was something more than vagaries behind the manifest sincerity of the voice which spoke them. At all events, it could do no harm to enter into the same spirit.

"But are you not looking over the tops of the trees which make up those impenetrable forests, Master Cavelier? Are there not obstacles hidden beneath which the eye reaches not?"

"Ay, many obstacles, and perils too; but should these prevent the attempt when so great a reward awaits beyond?"

"Visitors' Don'ts" for the St. Louis Exposition.

From Laird & Lee's "Standard Pocket Guide and Time Saver."

Don't lose or misplace your ticket or baggage check. A little precaution will save money and annoyance.

Don't display jewelry, money or valuables in the presence of strangers or in large crowds. A pin, necklace or watch can easily be taken by a sneak thief or pickpocket. If exposed to view, however, be constantly on your guard.

Don't make inquiries of persons you do not know. When on the fair grounds refer to the Bureau of Information or to some of the Exposition attachés. When directions are desired regarding the city, consult a policeman or some reputable merchant or person.

Don't fail to take a receipt when paying hotel or boarding house bills, or when making purchases of any kind, especially when the amount is sufficiently large to justify it.

Don't loan money or entrust packages or valuables to strangers, because you may not see the person or property again. Don't accept the services of any strangers as guides.

Don't make arrangements with any hotel until you have first ascertained its rates, accommodations and character.

Don't fail to read carefully rules and regulations governing round trip tickets. This is highly important.

Don't neglect to ascertain the fees for cabs and carriages before engaging the driver. Some services are paid for by the hour; some by the mile. Also take the cab and driver's number.

Don't blow out the gas, but turn it off.

streaks of smoke could be counted—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten.

It was the enemy's fleet. An officer on the bridge looked at his watch, and said: "An hour and a half more. If things are ready, we can have a good dinner before we get to work."

Another, in the middle of the group, nodded. "They are keeping us waiting, but, friends, make the most of your time." As he said this he twisted his mustache.

Presently the imperial naval flag was hoisted high on the mainmast, and the sound of the bugle from the bridge was heard all over the ship. Men rushed to their respective quarters, and those who were going to climb to the maintop, to descend to the engine-room, to enter the torpedo-room, or to attend to the sick-room, went to right and left, upon the bridge and toward the stern. In an instant, preparations were complete, and they were ready for action. It was near noon, and luncheon was ordered before the fight.

Takeo had been helping the captain, who was directing the gunners about the starboard quick-firing guns. He, therefore, entered the gun-room a little late, and found his messmates already at the table. The short ensign looked earnest, and the mate mopped his forehead as he bent over the plate. Young cadets stole looks at their comrades as they now and then gave orders. Presently one of them rose noisily from his seat. It was the red-shirted ensign.

"Comrades, I love to see that your spirit is dauntless, and that you can sit down to a hearty meal in the face of the enemy. But I doubt very much if we shall all meet at mess this evening. Let us therefore shake hands and say farewell to one another."

The Battle of the Yalu River.

From Kenjiro Tokutomi's "Nami-Ko." (Turner.)

THE moon had set and the sky was turning purple. The seventeenth of September was dawning on the Yellow Sea. It was about six in the morning, and the fleet was already near Haiyang Island. The gunboat *Akagi* had been ordered to reconnoitre the inlets of the island, but to no purpose. The fleet sailed along and was soon off Takooshan, with Talu and Seolu Islands on the port side.

It was eleven o'clock. Takeo at that moment left the wardroom, and was about to step on deck when a voice was heard crying, "Smoke!"

At the same time, hurried footsteps were heard on deck. With his heart beating furiously, Takeo stopped on the stair. A seaman who happened to pass below also stopped and exchanged a look with him.

"Is the enemy in sight?"

"It seems so."

Springing excitedly on deck, Takeo found men running right and left, whistles shrieking, and a signal-flag being hoisted on the mast. At the bow, marines stood in groups, and on the bridge the commander, vice-commander, and other officers all gazed intently in one direction. Far away on the horizon black

A Crucial Moment.

From Peple's "A Broken Rosary." (Lane.)

ACROSS the street from the jeweller's doorway stepped the Marquis Dubris, a short, coarse man with a bloated countenance, thick overhanging brows and a mouth of cruel insolence. The idlers fell back in precipitance to give him passage to his carriage, when Bobo, a hunchback beggar, jostled by the press, sought safety in a hobbling flight toward the curb. Alas for poor Bobo's haste! His wooden crutches slid on the polished stones, and the beggar, to save a painful fall, clutched wildly at the skirt of the marquis's satin coat. The marquis, with a brutal oath, lifted his cane and struck—struck viciously, and Bobo fell, his cheek laid bare as by a sabre cut; and, rolling on his face, held up one feeble arm to shield his defenceless head. Once more the cane hissed through the air and caught the hunchback sharply on his curving spine. Bobo screamed out in agony, scabbled, and was still, while from the motley throng of watchers an angry growl broke forth, rose and fell in a storm of hoots and curses. They hissed and groaned, but with a rabble's cowardice remained inactive, venting their rage in threatening cries and execrations.

The marquis, hemmed in on every side and spurred to boiling wrath, lifted his heavy stick again, when a firm white hand shot out, closed on the cane, and wrenched it from his grasp. A roar of joy burst out from a hundred throats; the marquis spun upon his heel and faced a priest—a tall, pale priest, whose great gray eyes looked calmly into his own and waited. For a moment taken at a disadvantage, the noble fumed and spluttered helplessly, whereat a great laugh went up and stung him like a banderillero's dart in the flesh of a baited bull. His face turned ghastly pale, then livid in his passion; a foul oath fell from his purple lips, and his sword flashed out, its point presented at the broad, deep chest of the priest who barred his path.

"Out of my way," screamed the maddened marquis, "or I'll truss you like a fowl!"

"Peace!" said the priest. "Put up your sword."

The voice was low and passionless, undisturbed by any touch of anger or of fear, but firm, unwavering as the tone of a mother to her erring child, while Dubris glared at him with a look of rancorous hate, his weak chin trembling in impotent fury.

"Stand back!" he shouted.

"No."

"Then die!" the marquis shrieked, and stepped backward for his thrust.

Through the huddled rabble a gasp of horror surged, and sank into breathless silence. No hand was raised to save the father's blood; no man to fling himself between that splinter of gleaming steel and the priest who staked his life for a hunchbacked beggar moaning at his feet.

"Only a Friend."

From Bagot's "Love's Proxy." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"ALMOST every successful man has been helped towards the attainment of his object by some friend—some kindred spirit," said Ronald. "The kindred spirit," he added, "has

by no means always been a wife; in some cases not even a woman."

Katherine did not reply. In the meantime pheasants were beginning to come over Ronald Latimer's head in such rapid succession that, for very shame's sake, he felt he must devote more of his attention to them. For some minutes he was shooting as quickly as was possible with only one gun, and Katherine, standing just behind him, mechanically handed him cartridges from the bag his loader had left.

Katherine, who was not particularly fond of looking on at shooting, found herself becoming excited almost against her will, and her hands trembled a little as she gave cartridge after cartridge to Ronald to push into the already heated barrels of his gun.

At length there came a diminution in the stream of pheasants that had been passing overhead.

"I thought you said you were a bad shot," she said; "but you did splendidly! And the birds—they could feel nothing, shot like that."

Ronald turned and looked at her.

"I am a bad shot," he said, briefly; "not in the third rank, as fellows shoot nowadays. I did better than usual, because you are beside me, I suppose."

"I think," said Katherine Lorrimer slowly, "that you are one of those people who can always be successful when they choose to be so. If you thought it worth your while to be a good shot—well, you would force yourself to be one, would you not?"

There was an unusual animation in her face, and Ronald felt as though his gaze was riveted to the large brown eyes that were looking steadily into his own.

"I could be successful—yes," he said in a low voice, "in life, I mean, not in shooting pheasants—if it were worth my while—if I thought you cared whether I succeed or fail."

Katherine drew a little away from him. "There are others who have more right to care than I," she added; "I am only a friend."

"Only a friend!" repeated Ronald. "That may mean so little—or so much."



From "Little Gardens."

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A PLEASING VISTA.



From "Daughters of Desperation."

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BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading. The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes.

For other books of a more general character, suitable for summer reading, see the publishers' advertisements.

BOOKS OF OUTDOOR LIFE.

- Batson (H. M.), A book of the country and the garden, net, \$3.....Dutton
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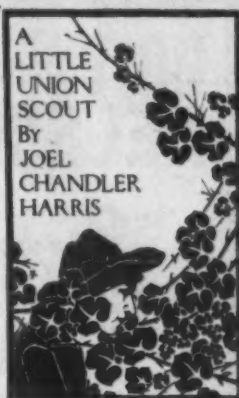
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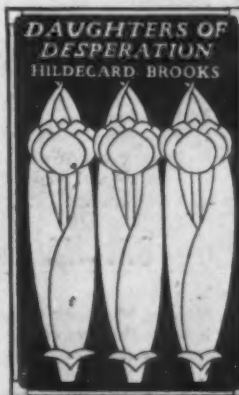
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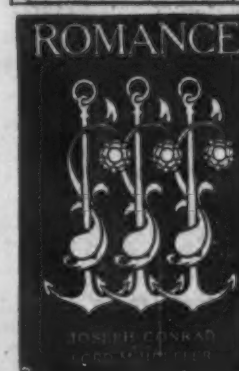


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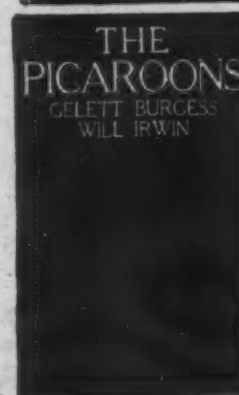


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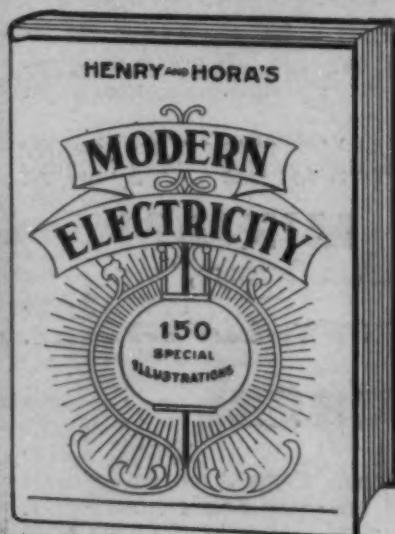
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Wheaton's U. S. Reports, v. 4.
W. Va. Law Reports and Ky. Reports.
The Epicurean, cook book.

The A. H. Clark Co., Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Brantome, Abbe, Works, trans.
Brinton, D. G., Florida Peninsula.
Crockett, D., Narr. of Live of, by himself.
Cokain, Short Treatise on Hunting.
Freeholders' Magazine, 1769, 1770, 1771.
French, B. F., Hist. Col. of La. and Fla.
Fairbanks, G. R., Hist. of Fla.
Faust, K. I., Campaigning in the Philippines.
Hatch, E., Influence of Greek Ideas.
Hists. of R. I., Va., N. C., S. C., Ga., N. H., Vt., Del., Pa., during Revolutionary War, containing lists of troops.
Hall, Rufus, Jour. of Life, etc., by Byberry.
Lyll, Principles of Geology, 2 v.
Pa. Colonial Records, 1683-1790, incl., with index v., 17 v.
Pa. Archives, 1664-1790, incl., 12 v.
Pitkin, Statistical View of Commerce of U. S.
Sturge, Jos., Visit to the U. S. in 1841.
Thomas, A. C. and R. H., Hist. of Friends.
Flower's Letters from Illinois. London, 1822.
Pattie, Personal Narrative. Cincinnati, 1831.
Maximilien, Prince of Weid Voyages, Atlas to French ed.
Wyeth, Oregon, Short History of a Long Journey from Atlantic to Pacific, Camb., 1833.

The Robert Clarke Co., 14 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

Marshall's Anatomy for Artists, 3d ed.
Fitzgerald's Letters and Literary Remains, ed. by Aldis Wright. 1889.
Drane, A. T., Christian Schools and Scholars.
Venable, Literary Beginnings of the Ohio Valley.

W. B. Clarke Co., Park and Tremont Sts., Boston.
Madonna of the Alps.
Rhyme and Reason, Carroll.
Mosses of North America, Lesquereux and James.

H. M. Connor, 232 Meridian St., E. Boston, Mass.

Goodrich, British Eloquence.
Boys' Own Annual, 1903.
Stoddard, Travels, 10 v., cl.
Dana, How to Know the Wild Flowers.
Royce, Sign Painters' Manual.

R. W. Crothers, 246 4th Ave., N. Y. [Cash.]

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Cunningham, Curtis & Welch, 319 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

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Clifton and Grimeaux's French Dictionary, second-hand.

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Nicolay and Hay, Life of Lincoln.

S. B. Fisher, 5 E. Court St., Springfield, Mass.

Madame Guyon, v. 2, cl. N. Y., 1847 only.
Smith, Adam, The Wealth of Nations, shp., v. 2 only. Hartford, 1818.

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Young Amer. Mag., Bost., 1847, nos. 5, 6.
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Token (annual), Boston, 1828-42, any v.
Atlantic Souvenir, Phila., 1826-28, any v.
Youth's Keepsake, Boston, 1831-35.
Parkman, Braddock's Defeat. 1890.
Parkman, Champlain and His Associates. 1890.
Morgan, Jane, Tales, etc. 1815.
N. A. Review, Sept., 1817.
The Yankee, 1828-29, any nos.
Donne's Poems, Grolier Club ed., v. 2 only.
Christian Worship, with order vespers and hymns, I. Miller. N. Y., 1862.

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A Journalist's Jottings, v. 1, by W. Beatty-Kingston.
American Register, Phila., 1817, v. 2.
Cabinet, or, Monthly Report of Polite Literature, v. 4, London, 1808.
National Geographic Magazine, v. 1-2, 1889-90.

Friderici & Gareis, 6 E. 17th St., N. Y.
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Jowett's Trans. of Plato, last ed.
Transact. of Amer. Mining Engineer, no. 1-29.
Mineral Industry, v. 1-11.
Congressional Record, v. 26.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Pl., N. Y.
Martinus Scribblerus, by Alex. Pope.

Paul Gauthner, 10 rue de Buoi, Paris, France.
Comings, Reign of Peace. Bost., 1849.
Erasmus, Antipolemos. Bost., 1795.
Erasmus, Plea Against War. N. Y., 1813.
Anything on peace and war, arbitration, books and pamphlets.

Edwin S. Gorham, 4th Ave. and 22d St., N. Y.
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Lowell's Poems, brown cl., v. 2 only. Boston, 1849.
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Harvard Co-operative Soc., Inc., Cambridge, Mass.
McCallum, M. W., Tennyson Idyls; Arthurian Literature Since 16th Century.
Hale, R. B., Six Short Stories. Boston, 1896.
Perry's Practical Mechanics.
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Hirschfeld Bros., Ltd., 13 Fumival St., Holborn, E. C., Eng.
Index Medicus, v. 7 to 10; v. 13, July to Dec.; v. 14 to all out.

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World's Work, Feb., Mar., 1901, 6 of each.
St. Nicholas, Nov., Dec., 1873.
Littell's, Mar., '74, '75, '83.

Franklin Howell, 119 E. 23d St., N. Y.
Old Ways and New. N. Y., 1892.
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The Hub Magazine Co., 6 Merrimac St., Boston.
Cosmopolitan, 1886, any nos.
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World's Work, 1900-'01, any nos.

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Life of Finney.
Stoddard's Lectures.
Hastings' Bible Dictionary.
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Williams, W. F., History and Stat. Account of the Bermudas. 1848.
Godet, Bermuda, its History, etc. 1860.
Gilpin, T., Exiles in Virginia. Phila., 1848.
Bowden, James, History of the Quakers. London, 1850.

Hall N. Jackson, 36 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.
Loti, Lands of Exile, cl. or pap.

Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., 1216 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
Life of Bishop John Fisher, by Bailey of Rochester, with portraits. Printed in England in 1655.

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Zola, La Terre, in English.

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There is No Death, Marryat.

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Bebel, On Woman.
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Horace, notes by Philip Francis.
Farthest North, Lockwood.

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Pre-historic Towns, by Lubbock.
Clapp's History of Dorchester, Mass.
Cecil Ross, by Lewis.

Joske Bros. Co., San Antonio, Tex.
Antiquities of Mexico, Lord Kingsboro.
Life of Maximilian, by Frederick Hall.
Invasion of Mexico by the French, by Frederick Hall.

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Belknap's History of New Hampshire, in 3 v.

Kimball Bros., 618 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
Mrs. Fremont's Souvenirs of My Time, 1st ed.
Hunt's Autobiography.
Stephens' In Search of a Horse.
Wendell Phillips, On the Lost Arts.

Geo. Kleinteich, 397 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sandow's Physical Training.

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John Holdsworth, Russell.
Esau Hardery, W. O. Stoddard.
Mammon, Mrs. Alexander, Buckles.
Lischen and the Fairy, F. and E. Scannell. Estes.
Florence Stories, v. 2, J. Abbott.
Tales of the East, Kakasu. Dutton.
Social Facts and Forces, Gladden. Putnam.
Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, v. 12, by Chas. Francis Adams, 8vo, brown cl.
Henry Ward Beecher's Life Thoughts, ed. by Proctor.
Moose Hunters, by Stevens.

R. F. Leask, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.
Niles' Weekly Register, v. 6.

Henry E. Legler, Milwaukee, Wis.
Snider, Commentaries on Shakespeare.
Morris, Signs of Change, state the ed.
Morris, Hopes and Fears for Art, state the ed.
Bucke, Whitman.

Lemcke & Buechner, 11 E. 17th St., N. Y.
U. S. Papers on Indian Affairs, 2 v. 183—. 1836.
Trowbridge, J. T., The South, its Battlefields, etc. 1866.

Edward E. Levi, 820 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wallace's Trotting Annual, any vols. from 1894 to date.

Little, Brown & Co., 254 Washington St., Boston.
Loyd, New Letters of Napoleon.
Masson, Napoleon and the Fair Sex.
Verestschagin, Napoleon in Russia.
Roosevelt, Rough Riders, 1st ed.

B. Login, 198 E. 76th St., N. Y.
Index Medicus.
Archiv. of Ophthalmology.
Annals of Surgery.
Annals of Ophthalmology.
American Journal of Ophthalmology.
Any volumes or odd nos.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C.
Princess Salm Salm, Ten Years of My Life.
Furr, Junius Unmasked.
Catlin, Lifted and Subsidized Rocks of America.
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Sanitary Commission's Report, N. Y., 1865-66, all maps.

McGraw Pub. Co., 114 Liberty St., N. Y.
Stuckey and Bealerts' Swedish Movements. Pub. at Lexington, Ky., 1889.
Albrechtsbeyer's Methods of Harmony, trans. by Merrick.
Stanford, C. V., Life of Brahms.

John Jos. McVey, 39 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.
Hyslop's Ethics. Scribner.
W. A. Butler's Poems, containing his poem "General Average."
Fisher's River Scenes and Characters. Harper.

H. Malkan, 1 William St., N. Y.
Catalogue of American Authors, Leon and Bros., 1st ed.
Century Dictionary, 10 v., 1903.
Bancroft, History of the U. S. L., B. & Co.

H. Malkan, Hanover Sq., N. Y.
Lewis, Com. Organization of Factories.
Sheperdson, Code Book.
Appleton Annuals, 1898 to 1903, shp.
Lord, Beacon Lights of History, complete set.
Kidd, Control of the Tropics. Macmillan.

H. Malkan, 66 Broadway, N. Y.
Lanbey's Life of Napoleon. Macmillan, 1871.
American Historical Rev., vols., 1895-99.
Atlantic Monthly, vols., 1857-99.
Contemporary Review, vols., 1866-99.
Critic, vols., 1881-99.

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Eclectic Magazine, vols., 1844-99.
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Fortnightly Review, vols., 1865-99.
Forum, vols., 1886-99.
Lippincott's Mag., vols., 1886-99.

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Memoirs of Mme. de Stael.
Moorish Empire in Europe, 3 v., by S. P. Scott.
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Methodist Book and Pub. House, Richmond St., W., Toronto, Can.
Canadian Birds, illus. in colors. Formerly published by subscription at about \$15.00, we think by the firm of Haskell.

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Colton's Life of Henry Clay, v. 5, ed. 1857.

H. Mischke & Sons, 115 E. 23d St., N. Y.
Wedmore, Catalogue of Whistler's Etchings.
Hamerton, Etching and Etchers, 3d ed., imp. octavo.
Muther's History of Painting.
Alphabet of Owen Jones.
Alphabet, by Shaw.
Shaw, Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, 2 v.
Hector Berlioz, Sa vie et ses oeuvres, illus. by Fantin-Latour. Paris, 1888.
How to Tell a Caxton, by Wm. Blades. London, 1870.
The Life and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer, 2 v., 4to, with plates. London, 1861.
Voyage Around the World, by Geo. Hamilton, 1794.

F. M. Morris, 171 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.
Prairie Fire, Weber.
Coggeshall's Poets of the West.

Noah Farnham Morrison, 314 W. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Army of Potomac Proceedings for 1870, '74, '76.
N. Y. Sun, Mar. 15, June 28, 1896; July 25, '97.
Belknap's New Hampshire, v. 1, 2. Dover, 1812.
Dumas, Pictures of Travel in Southern France.
Wilson's Remarkable Apparitions, by (Brother Jonathan.)
Gleason's Old Time Novels, any.
Book of 500 Songs. Murphy, N. Y., 1845?

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Southern Bivouac, 2 copies each Sept., Nov., 1882 and Sept., '83; 1 copy May, June, '83.
Mag. Amer. Hist., June, July, 1877; Aug., '81; Feb., '83.

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World's Work, Apr., 1904.
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Decameron. Pub. by A. W. Lovering, N. Y.
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Cassell's Hist. of the Franco-German War, v. 2.

The Pilgrim Press, 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Century Atlas of the World, latest ed., with new map of the Philippines.

Isaac Pitman & Sons, 31 Union Sq., N. Y.
Isaac Pitman's Shorthand Instructor, 1893.
Presbyterian Board of Publication and S. S. Work, 192 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Philosophy of the Beautiful, 2 v., Knight.
The State, Woodrow Wilson.
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Errata of the Protestant Bible, T. Ward.
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4 copies Dorcas, Daughter Faustina. F., H. & H.

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The Testimony of Christ to Christianity, by Peter Bayne, A.M. Pub. in 1862 by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

Robson & Adee, Schenectady, N. Y.

Story of Penn. Germans, by Beidelmann. Pub. by Express Book Print.

E. H. Roller, 419 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Cassin, Birds of Cal., imperfect copies.
De Forest, Indians of Conn., imperfect copies.

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Journals of Congress, Jan., 1780 to Jan., 1781; Nov., 1783 to Nov., 1784; Nov., 1787 to Nov., 1788.
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Norman, Real Japan.
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Daniel, Teaching of Ornament.
Ouananiche. Harper.

Smith & Wilkins, 207 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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Creasy's Hist. of Ottoman Turks.
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Fox, Atlas of Skin Diseases.
Kelly, Operative Gynecology.
Jevons, Principles of Science.
American Naturalist, v. 10, 12-14.
Walsham, Deformities of the Hum. Foot.
Annals of Surgery, v. 8-15.
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Journal of Physiology, sets.
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Zeitschrift f. Biologie, sets.

G. E. Stechert, 9 E. 16th St., N. Y.

Science, v. 23.
Foster, Seminary Method. 1888.
Oswald, F. L., Physical Education. 1882.
Tsanoff, Educat. Value of Children's Playgrounds.
Weather Review, v. 1 to 19.

E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, N. Y. [Cash.]

Roger Marx, The Painter Alfred Besnard. 1893.

Stix, Baer & Fuller D. G. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Encyclopædia Britannica, 31 v., Werner ed., 1900 or later.

Thos. J. Taylor, Taunton, Mass.

Behn, Mrs. Aphra, Complete Works, Unexpurgated edition.
The Looker-On, New York, all after June, 1896.

H. H. Timby, Conneaut, O.

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Books on the Acadians.
Autocrat at Breakfast Table. Bost., 1858.
Remains of Hurrell Froude.
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Berlitz, Spanish Method, 2d pt.

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Moore, Treason of Chas. Lee.Twentieth Century Press, 17 E. 16th St., N. Y.
[Cash.]Dublin Review, back nos.
Political Science Quarterly.
International Journal of Ethics.
Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, v. 1.

Otto Ulbrich Co., 386 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Proceedings of the Ossianic Society, 1853-58.
Hero in Homespun, Barton.
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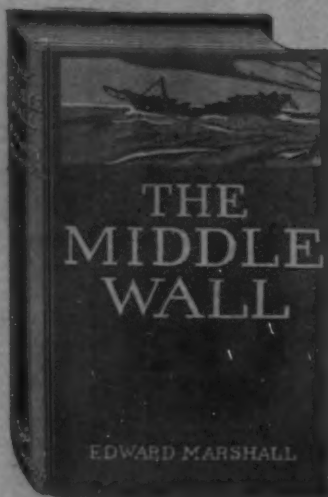
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